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STARS PROMISE A GOOD YEAR . . . for 1941.

Australia will forge ahead under favorable influences

31 DEC 1940

By JUNE MARSDEN

President of the Australian Astrological Research Society

Australia's stars are auspicious for the year ahead. They can bring blessings and opportunities for growth and development, to individuals as well as to the nation.

TWO of the major influences which helped Australia to weather 1939 and 1940 successfully, in spite of tragic world conditions, will continue to operate during 1941.

These influences promise that we will benefit financially through both national and international sources, and also through death duties on big estates, possessions of people abroad, and the wealth of foreigners resident in the land.

Local finances should consolidate and new and big gains be made through all industries connected with war; particularly if the materials used are steel, iron or the earth and its products.

Venus in harmony with the Dragon's Head and the Dragon's Tail and Saturn in splendid harmony with the great energiser, Mars, will be chiefly responsible for all these things.

In addition, Saturn and the Moon will be radiating in our favor.

Such influences can operate for years. As well, there are aspects between the Moon and the various planets which operate for short periods only, one to three months, but which are mightily important.

During 1941 these Moon influences are entirely fortunate for Australia.

First, there is every likelihood that 1941 will benefit from a "carry-over" of fortunate radiations from a Moon-Mercury aspect which fell due late in 1940.

This may bring opportunities for new contracts, improved trade relationships, and diplomatic contacts, or gains through our diplomats, and beneficial changes in many departments, including Customs, post office, and transportation.

Foreign as well as Empire friendships can produce very favorable results, and much good news should predominate.

Religious revival

DOUBLING the indications that the new year starts well for Australia, the Moon harmonises strongly with the planet Neptune.

From Neptune's influence we will gain inspiration and inventions. There will be a wave of emotionalism, and a religious revival is likely to sweep the country.

Wine distillers need not fear that their trade will disappear, as it seems now. Somehow, somewhere a way will be found for expanding this industry probably in January or February.

If only our business magnates, researchers and politicians will help at this time, there is every reason to expect either the discovery of big oil or mineral deposits, or of some method by which petrol or similar liquids can be extracted from the earth in immense quantities, or be manufactured synthetically.

The indications of the Solar Ingress for December 22 which will influence the country until March, and thus overlap the above aspects, give the impression that there will be ideas and inventions in plenty, but that superiors or the Government will be slow to act and co-operate.

Deception and intrigue will dominate political groups, and mutual understanding be difficult.

Yet the Sun will be harmonising with Saturn and the fortunate planet Jupiter during those months, and great things can be accomplished by a Government with broad vision, constructive ideas, and good domestic as well as foreign policy.

True partnership will not be an easy achievement at Canberra, yet this is the time, early 1941, when a National Government can be realised and such a Government (or whichever party rules) can rise to great heights of power and public esteem.

Mid-1941

DURING the six centre months of 1941, matters are likely to go along in a less spectacular fashion than early or late in the year.

New publicity for the country, of an immensely favorable nature, is more than likely, and domestic affairs of all kinds, national, family and individual, should all prosper.

An element of surprise will combine with statesmanship, vision, and constructive planning.

The Government must, however, watch its step locally, for conditions on the home front will incline towards misunderstandings and unpopularity.

Now comes the last quarter of 1941, which may turn out to be the most fortunate of all.

For the Moon now favors the great planet Saturn, and as 1941 merges into 1942, harmonises with the Sun.

These influences, coupled with the major ones mentioned in the first part of this forecast, augur well for Australia's general good fortune and the happiness of the people.

Consolidation and stabilisation will be the keynotes of industry and of national life.

The Government by this time should be exceptionally popular and endowed with a degree of wisdom and constructive power which can carry the country far along the roads of prosperity.

Which is as well, for 1942 will lack much of the good fortune enjoyed by 1941, so that stabilisation this year is advisable.

As 1941 grows old, the earth should yield up products which mean great wealth to the land.

Business should be excellent, and plenty of money will be in the hands of the people, who will, however, be in a wise spending mood, and inclined to put some aside for home-building or old-age security.

Financial schemes to help the aged are likely to come into force, and building societies will be active.

Australia, always democratic, should become even more so during late 1941 and the whole community should feel that life in this land is good indeed.

Peach, Rachel, Brunette, Suntan and Natural
(Also ERASMIC CREAM)
Vanishing and Cold 1/- Tube

Romance like this is within the reach of every girl. Even the woman born without breathtaking beauty can know its heights—if she but learns the art of fascination, especially the importance of a flower-like skin. In this, Erasmic Face Powder can help to make her complexion exquisitely soft and even-toned. Light and silky, it clings closely hour upon hour — yielding a delicate fragrance which comes to seem a very part of one's personal charm.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

MISS J. S. WOOD

Matron-in-Chief A.M.F.

FORMER Army nurse, Miss Janet Sinclair Wood, of Adelaide, has been appointed Matron-in-Chief of the Australian Military Forces.

Her job is to supervise the entire nursing establishment of the Army, at home and overseas, with headquarters in Melbourne.

Trained at Royal Adelaide Hospital, has had a distinguished civil and military nursing career, and is noted for organising ability.

LORD ST. DAVIDS

. . . Sapper Philipps.

ONLY private in the House of Lords is Viscount St. Davids, whose wife was formerly Miss Doreen Jowett, of Melbourne. He is known in the army as Sapper Philipps—his family name.

Lord St. Davids' hobby is making gliders. One he exported to South America, shortly before the outbreak of war, won the long distance championship, beating several German competitors.

MRS. ALLEYNE ZANDER

. . . Contemporary art.

THOUGH not herself an artist, Mrs. Alleyne Zander, formerly of Melbourne, has done much to stimulate interest in art in Australia.

She brought out from London the first exhibition of British Contemporary Art, and on her present visit to Australia gave lectures on modern art at Sydney National Gallery under the auspices of the British Council, only cultural propaganda body in England.

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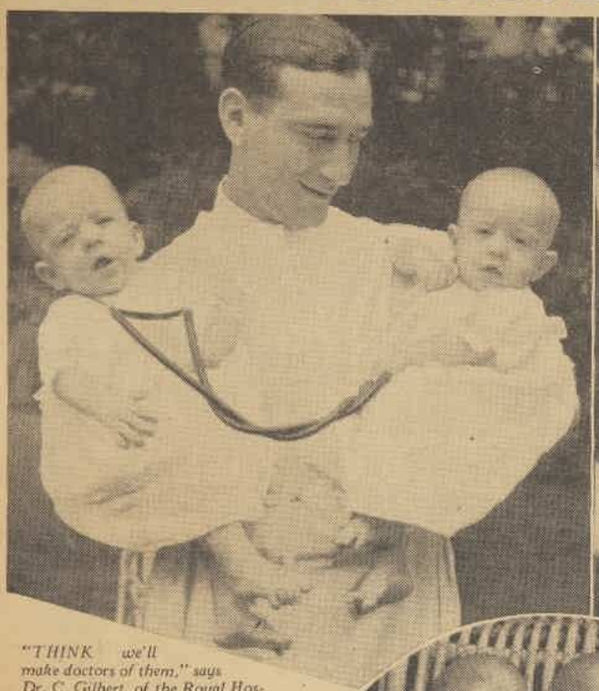
PETER and PAUL take first trip to town



"THINK we'll make doctors of them," says Dr. C. Gilbert, of the Royal Hospital staff, draping his stethoscope round Peter while Paul grabs for his share.

IMPORTANT business this of matching up a hat with new suitings. Peter (left) and Paul bought these blue-trimmed white frocks and hats on their jaunt to town.

CHRISTMAS MORNING. Peter (left) and Paul had toys and parcels and visits from hospital friends and unknown admirers.

PETER and Paul, the Thornton war twins, are greeting the New Year with a spanking new wardrobe each. They have just made the first visit to town, a shopping expedition to spend a gift of £5 sent to them from an admirer in Victoria.

These are the babies who were found beside their dying mother in a house at Bondi, N.S.W., on July 10. Their father is serving with the A.I.F. in Palestine.

The shopping jaunt, biggest occasion of their six months of life, was a great success, in spite of a heat-wave that inconsiderately visited town at the same time.

Peter and Paul had only one bad moment. They didn't recognise the matron, sister, and two nurses who formed an enthusiastic escort because the grown-ups wore hats instead of the more familiar veils.

The twins set up a clamor of protest in the taxi, but were soon calmed.

In the store they deigned to patronise, salesgirls and department heads stood round to approve their choice of hats, pants, jackets, and frocks, and even floor-walkers unbent from their customary dignity to "goo."

The whole thing was a triumph of infant personality, but, alas, unaccustomed as they are to public appearances, Peter and Paul couldn't keep it up.

Exhausted with heat and excitement they fell asleep on the glass-topped counter, and were borne off unconscious of their own triumph.

The twins have doubled their weight since the bleak July day when they arrived, two friendless, blue, and shivering bundles, at the Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington.

Peter was 7lb. 4oz. and Paul 6lb. 4oz. at birth.

Now Peter is 14lb. 8oz. and Paul is 14lb. 2oz.

They are being raised under the Tresillian method and have had no setback at all. This hot weather the twice-daily swig of orange juice is most welcome of their rations.

What's more, they are no longer friendless.

The whole staff of the hospital adores them.

Babies come and babies go at the Royal, staying a mere ten days or a fortnight, but the Thornton twins have stayed on to give the hospital staff a focus for an overflow of affection.

The twins are now at the stage where they notice everything, and they are both good babies, healthy, affectionate and happy.

Already their individual personalities are showing up plainly.

Peter is inquisitive, most alive to all that goes on, curious about new visitors.

Paul is placid, takes the affection and interest lavished on him as his natural due. Paul usually falls asleep first.

As yet their future is unknown. One adoption plan had to be abandoned because of the illness of their proposed foster mother. Further word must come from their father as to his wishes before new plans can be made.

Meanwhile they're not missing out on love.

"OH, BOY, what a day that was!" Paul (left) and Peter lie back exhausted.

HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho — double strength — from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. *Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.*

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as *this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.*

KINTHO DOUBLE STRENGTH

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GREEK PEASANTS of the village band on the island of Shyros, in the Aegean Sea. Life is hard and primitive on most of these islands.

MRS. ARTEMIS LENOS, young Greek-Australian, whose operatic career in Italy was cut short by war.

"Signora, noi prendiamo la Grecia!"

Italian students who taunted Greek woman

—But her prophecy came true

When Mrs. Artemis Lenos, pretty young Greek-Australian, was studying singing in Italy last year the young Italian students often teased her, saying, "Signora, noi prendiamo la Grecia!"—"We are going to take Greece!"

Her answer was: "Don't be silly. Greeks are not Abyssinians. My country is a different proposition."

"IT seemed only a joke then," she told The Australian Women's Weekly last week. "All the students at the boarding-house where I lived in Rome got on well together, whatever their nationality.

"Yet beneath the joking I meant what I said. The Greeks are a poor race, but a proud race.

"It is that pride and determination to maintain their independence which have won such a miraculous victory for six million Greeks against 45 million Italians."

Early in 1938 Mrs. Lenos went abroad to study singing.

Her husband wished also that she might revisit her native land, which she left at the age of six.

She spent a couple of months in Athens, nearly eighteen months in Italy, and had intended later to return to Greece.

"But early this year, just before Italy entered the war, I had to come home," said Mrs. Lenos.

"I am sure that the Italian people did not want war. I found them definitely pro-British. War was forced on them by Mussolini.

"The Greeks, too, believed Mussolini's promises, although a good deal of bitterness had grown up between Greeks and Italians.

"The Greeks in the Italian-owned Dodecanese Islands were oppressed. They were not allowed to speak their own language or attend their own church.

"It is so different under the British flag, where in peacetime other races are allowed their full freedom.

"The feeling of the Italians for Mussolini, although they were frightened to say much, was very different from that of the Greeks for their Premier, General Metaxas.

"Both General Metaxas and King George II are popular in Greece and work well together. Splendid roads and parks had been built. There was practically no unemployment, though wages were very small.

"Toti Dal Monte told me to give Australians her love. She had hoped to come here this year. She has grown so slim, and is the most charming person imaginable.

"I also met Beniamino Gigli, who has also grown considerably slimmer than he used to be."

Open-air cafes

MRS. LENOS lived most of the time at a boarding-house for students in Rome. Living there, as in Greece, was very cheap for those who had English money.

One of her friends was Miss Jean Urquhart, Australian writer, who was teaching Italian. Recently Rome radio mentioned Miss Urquhart among Britishers still in Rome stated to be allowed complete freedom.

Of her two months in Greece, Mrs. Lenos spent the greater part in Athens.

"It is a beautiful city," she said, "and it was marvellous to see all the wonders of architecture and art that I had known only from books and from the stories of my people.

"It was a happy city, too, full of lovely open-air cafes.

"Nearly everyone, including children, dines out at night. There is music in the cafes, and the wines are so light that even the children drink them with meals.

"Greek girls have not nearly the freedom of Australian girls. Although they are more sophisticated in Athens than in the country, the majority of girls are not allowed to go out alone with young men at all.

"The dowry system still prevails, and very often parents arrange the matches.

"The Greek men, particularly the Athenians, are very handsome, and very well-dressed.

"I was sorry that I did not see the island of my birth, Samos.

"It is a beautiful island in the Aegean Sea. The great Pythagoras came from there.

"Only a few weeks ago I read that 15 civilians of Samos set out in an open boat, raided an Italian post in one of the Dodecanese Islands, and attacked the guard of marines. They killed four and took three prisoners, and returned to Samos."

GLOWING HEALTH
ABUNDANT VITALITY

It is such a joy to see children fit and full of life. And yet the more active they are, the more quickly they use up their energy and feel the strain of growth.

Make sure they keep fit by giving them Virol, the food that supplies everything growing children need for health, energy and vitality. Virol makes backward children strong, and strong children stronger. A Virol constitution lasts for life.

VIROL
KEEPS THEM FIT

Officer describes country where A.I.F. is fighting

An Australian Army officer, who spent many months during the last war in the area where Australian troops are now fighting in Libya, has written this colorful account of the country and its people. The author served with the British Camel Corps.

By ARMY OFFICER

SIDI BARRANI, captured in the British drive on Libya, is a poor-looking place on a bay, with a few miserable mud huts, but of inestimable value to us strategically.

The fortress which the Italians were using as a base after they took it earlier this year is far from picturesque.

I was stationed at Mersa Matruh, 60 miles away from Sidi Barrani, which was then used mostly for gun-running by the wily Senussi tribes, and was not a fortified area.

I expect many of the Senussi men are fighting again now, perhaps with us, and perhaps with the Italians. They will fight on any side which will offer them sufficient inducement in backsheesh and beer. They are grand fighters, but the dirtiest lot of men I have ever seen.

When we captured any of them during the last war we had to give them a thorough cleansing in sheep dip before we could bring them into our camps.

Modern mechanised warfare will be quite beyond them, and I doubt if they will stand up to shellfire, but for hand-to-hand fighting they are excellent.

They always have had to fight and thieve to exist, and they used every possible method they could devise to make our job difficult.

The shrewd Senussi men had many methods of hiding any oases they found or knew about—hoping to deprive us of water.

They would put timber across the wells, and then put gravel on the timber and walk their camels back and forth to make the gravel look well-worn.

When I read about the British forces advancing across the desert through country formerly occupied by Italy, it takes me back to the days of our work in Egypt, where we were billeted in the quaintly-named towns and oases that now are making history all over again.

The climate there is very healthy, with bitterly cold early mornings and extreme heat towards midday.

We endured many of the kamsseens (or fifty-day winds), but we saw little sand; it was always thick red dust, except on the real coast area.

I never saw an Englishwoman in Mersa Matruh or Sidi Barrani, though I cannot see why in peacetime either place would not be quite suitable for the wives of garrison men, especially now that there is a railroad built from Mersa Matruh to Alexandria.

The Arabs, of course, have their wives with them on that area, and I remember that near Sidi Barrani I saw the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

We came on her suddenly one morning, sitting beneath a palm tree, holding a courbyra of water.

It was 8 o'clock and blazingly hot, and she had come out of her mud hut home to get some air.

She was unveiled, which, of course, was rare, and we all simply stood and stared at her magnificent beauty.

Arab women fade early, and few of them retain any of their good looks for long, but this woman would have won any contest for perfection of face. She was a member of the Senussi tribe.

Members of the Matwhali tribe, who lived farther south, were known to us all as Kitchener's men.

He had befriended them, and they were heart and soul with Britain.

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Illustrated by JOHN MILLS

"Do something for me! Please!" cried Joan, catching John Blake's arm as he danced past.

RING OUT THE OLD

By Mary H. Bradley

SHE had been wrong not to break it off before, she thought. She ought never to have let Peter go on thinking that she cared. She ought to have written to him and told him how she felt.

They weren't engaged; there had never been anything exactly definite between them—they'd been too young to be definite. He'd been in love and she'd thought she was, and they had taken each other for granted. He was always saying how much he relied on her.

She wished, desperately, sitting beside him now in the car starting back from the Fieldings' party, that there was some way she could have found out in time. She hadn't meant to be dishonest. She had just been mistaken . . . and then she had been a coward, a coward about hurting him.

Suppose she never met anybody she liked better than Peter Brett? Suppose she was incapable of loving someone any more than this?

She had thought this autumn that she'd wait and see what happened in the Christmas holidays. And that meant that Peter would be taking her to the New Year's Eve dance. She wasn't going on in the same way, not after the dance to-morrow night. She'd give him that last dance. She wouldn't let their friends see that she'd turned him down. He'd be going away on business the next day, and by the time she saw him again he would have got over it.

This was really the first time she'd been alone with him all the week. She'd been careful about that, and had always moved in a crowd.

He had something on his mind; he'd been quiet all the evening. Something was worrying him — the difference in her letters, probably. She mustn't let him start reproaching her and asking questions.

Vivaciously she chatted on. The dance, as a topic of conversation, lasted her all the way home. Snow was thick on the doorstep and she got out quickly before he could suggest carrying her in. The house was dark, except for the hall lights. She said:

"It's late——" with nervous meaning.

Peter stood there, a little hesitantly. He said: "Joan—look——" and she said: "Honestly, I must go in, Peter. My slippers are soaking."

He'd know that she was putting him off, but she didn't want anything to happen just yet. He looked at her; there was something in his eyes that made you think of a big dog trying to get your meaning. He was so earnest, so very concerned.

He began again: "About this dance—look—is it all right if I don't call for you? I've got to take care of my sister and that girl who's coming. She's arriving in the morning."

"Of course it's all right," she told him. "I can go with mother."

The club where the dance was being given was just round the corner, and Peter lived in East Greensway. Bridget, his sister, was always having her girl friends to stay with her. Peter groaned about them.

Joan asked: "Who's she having now?" and Peter said: "Dawn Penning—you know, you met her in Newhunt, at the races." Vaguely Joan recalled a slim, dark girl with very red lips.

He went on: "She's at an art school—her people live in the north and my people know them, so——"

"I'll see she has a grand time at the dance," Joan promised. "I'll tell the crowd. Good heavens, Peter, these slippers are sopping wet."

"Well, I'd better be going."

That was Peter's usual formula. She heard it with relief.

"Good-night, Joan."

She had to kiss him good-night. It would have been queer if she hadn't. She thought: "This is probably the last time I'll ever kiss him." And she was so sorry for him that she kissed him very gently. His own kiss was gentle, too. And then he hugged her closely to him, as if he was afraid of losing her, and he said: "You're so sweet, Joan!" in an anguished sort of way.

She moved away from him. She said: "You're sweet, too, Peter," and ran up the stairs. After he'd gone she came back and locked the front door . . . "If I'd stayed in his arms," she thought, "he'd have begun on his eternal, 'You do love me, don't you, Joan? I'm relying on you so much.'"

. . . . . .

Joan and her mother arrived early at the dance. Dancing began at eight-thirty, and supper was early, at ten-thirty, so that the older people could be sure of theirs before they went home.

Joan, snatching a last look at herself in the dressing-room, thought that she looked rather good. She wasn't the prettiest girl in Greensway—Anne Fielding, with her fair perfection, beat her to that—but Anne had no life in her. Joan was vibrant with it. Her grey eyes, starred with those thick, black lashes of which she was secretly so proud, were shining with the gaiety that was in her; her lips were teasing, smiling.

The fleeting wish crossed her mind that there would be something in this evening to justify all that gay expectancy, that something strange and compelling and exciting would happen to her. It wouldn't. There was nothing here that could happen. But it was enough to dance — she loved dancing.

John Blake, who always came to dances by himself, was the first to claim her. He asked: "Where's Peter?" and she said, "Peter had to bring his sister and a guest of hers—be awf'ly nice to that guest, John. Give her a good time." She said the same thing to the next man she danced with . . . It was a nuisance, Peter being late. You liked to feel you had someone of your own.

Peter came, with Bridget and George Boardman—if Bridget had George, why did she have to have Peter, too?—and the visiting girl. Bridget was wearing pink—she would; her friend was slim, sleek, and dark, in a gold-colored dress. Orchids were swaying on one shoulder.

The orchids gave Joan a peculiar feeling. Peter hadn't sent her flowers this year—the first year he had forgotten them.

Peter was dancing with Dawn Penning; he had to take care of her at first, of course. Joan wondered if he'd remembered to introduce her to anybody. Peter never thought ahead. If he got stuck with Dawn, she'd have to round up some of the crowd . . . Somebody must have taken Dawn off, as Peter was coming towards her. She said—that was funny to remember, afterwards—

"Hullo, Peter, shall I collect a lot of the crowd to meet the visitor?"

"She met a lot of them as she came in," Peter told her.

Joan didn't quite trust Peter's introductions. When she saw Dawn in the buffet she went over, beckoning to several men; she made the introduction. Dawn gave her a slow, almost mocking smile. Afterwards Joan saw why there had been mockery in that smile.

Dawn had got Peter. Except for that first dance, he never came near Joan again. He danced with Dawn. When she was taken away from him he went to the side of the room, watching; after a while he would claim Dawn again. His big red head slanted against her black one, his whole bearing showed possessiveness. He was like a man bewitched.

It was as obvious as an earthquake. The whole room was talking about it. Peter and Dawn. Bill Laughton asked:

"Hullo, what's happened to Peter?"

Joan answered negligently:

"Oh, it's just one of those things."

Over Bill's shoulder she saw Peter and Dawn going towards the library, the recognised sitting-out place for couples who didn't want to be disturbed.

She seemed to have been dancing with Bill Laughton for ages. She'd always counted on Peter to keep coming back—the others had to fight for any dances with her. To-night she was any man's partner.

What a fool she'd been . . . worrying about Peter's feelings. Why, he'd been worrying about her. He'd tried to tell her last night.

She'd been blind as a bat. She hadn't dreamt that anyone could stop loving Joan Warring, the popular Joan Warring, the girl they would all have been crazy about if she hadn't always belonged to Peter . . . She mocked herself, derisively, as she remembered past incidents.

That was Hugh Howard over there. Hugh Howard was Greensway's wealthy son. His father owned the Greensway Manufacturing Co. down by the river. His grandfather, who had been Hugo Howard, had built the first factory. Not that he was on the same level, for all his money, as Emily Warring, whom he'd married and who had made him build that big house on the hill where the Howards lived.

Hugh Howard didn't come very often to Greensway dances; in fact, he was very seldom in Greensway at all. He spent most of his spare time in London, or with gay parties in the south of France. When the Howards—he had a sister, Jocelyn—did come to the club they brought a lively crowd of their own.

Joan wasn't sure whether Hugh Howard remembered her. They had been in the same dancing class years ago, but she had been one of the little girls and he had been an unattainable older boy, even then. Now she wished desperately that he would remember her and rescue her from Bill Laughton.

It would amount to something if Hugh Howard danced with her. She tried to look proud, gay and captivating.

He was looking at her. No, he was looking away again. He must know who she was. But she wasn't good enough. She was only a country, or rather a suburban, cousin. Vehemently she hated Hugh Howard.

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BEHOLD, HERE'S POISON

A mystery serial . . .

Soft speaking . . . bribery . . . and a vital secret changes hands.

"How disappointing!" said Randall. "The information would have been worth quite a lot—in hard cash."

Illustrated by JOHN SANTRY

DETECTIVE - SUPERINTENDENT HANNASYDE is grappling doggedly with the mysterious murder case in which Gregory MATTHEWS has been poisoned by nicotine. Various persons have already fallen under the Superintendent's suspicions.

MRS. ZOE MATTHEWS, Gregory's widowed sister-in-law, and her two children, GUY and STELLA, were on bad terms with Gregory because he threatened to send Guy to Brazil and forbade Stella's engagement to DR. DERYK FIELDING; RANDALL MATTHEWS was heir to the bulk of Gregory's large fortune, while MISS HARRIET MATTHEWS and MRS. GERTRUDE LUPTON, Gregory's sisters, had also cherished expectations under his will.

Gregory had also made a bitter enemy of Dr. Fielding by threatening to reveal the fact that the doctor's father died in an inebriates' home; and, in the course of his investigations, Hannasyde discovers that HENRY LUPTON, Gertrude's husband, has been secretly living as the husband of another woman, and Gregory threatened to blackmail him over this.

The various members of Gregory's household are thrown into a state of nervous panic at his death, their greatest comfort being the level-headed sympathy of their neighbors, MR. and MRS. RUMBOLD.

No startling revelations come forth at the inquest, Superintendent Hannasyde asking for an adjournment early in the proceedings. The following morning, Stella, Guy and Miss Matthews, in consternation, are reading the newspaper versions of the murder and inquest.

Now read on.

By GEORGETTE HEYER

GUY rescued the paper, which Miss Matthews seemed to be inclined to rend in pieces, and retired with it to the window. Stella, deep meanwhile in the "Morning Star," suddenly gave a gasp, and exclaimed: "Of all the cheek! Aunt Harriet, listen to this! "Mr. Matthews' death was a terrible shock to us all," pretty, blue-eyed Rose Daventry, the twenty-three-year-old housemaid at the Poplars informed our representative yesterday.' There's miles more of it, and even a bit about Rose's young man. Oh, she says they all feel it as a personal loss!"

"What?" shrieked Miss Matthews.

"There's a photograph, too," said Stella.

Miss Matthews snatched the paper from her. "She leaves the house to-day, month or no month!" she declared. "The impertinence of it! Personal loss! What's more it's a lie, because every servant we ever had hated Gregory! She'd never have dared to do this if she hadn't been under notice!"

Beecher came into the room at this moment, and was promptly glared at by his incensed mistress. "Do you know anything about this disgraceful affair?" demanded Miss Matthews, striking the paper with her hand.

The butler coughed. "Yes, miss. Very reprehensible indeed. Mrs. Beecher has been giving Rose a piece of her mind. Mr. Randall is on the phone, miss."

"What does he want?" growled Guy.

"He did not say, sir."

"Well, I'm not going to answer it," said Guy, sitting down at the table. "Tell him we're out."

"You go, Stella," said her aunt. "Though what he can want I'm sure I don't know."

Stella sighed, and put down the paper. "Why it should have to be me I fail to understand," she remarked, but she went out into the hall and picked up the receiver. "Hullo!" she said, in a discouraging voice. "Stella speaking. What is it?"

Randall's dulcet voice answered her. "Good morning, my sweet. Tell me at once—I am quite breathless with excitement—why have I never been privileged to set eyes on pretty, blue-eyed Rose Daventry?"

"Oh, shut up!" said Stella crossly. "What is it you want?"

A laugh floated to her ears. "Only that, darling."

Stella slammed the receiver down.

Others besides Randall had seen the picture papers that morning, and it was not long before Mrs. Lupton arrived at the Poplars in a state of outraged majesty. She wished to know whether Rose had been turned out of the house, and if not why not; whether Mrs. Matthews realised the height of her own folly; what her sister Harriet had been about to let a reporter set foot inside the house; and what steps were being taken by the police to discover Gregory Matthews' murderer.

No one was able to give an answer to this last question, and Mrs. Lupton, not in any hasty spirit, but as the result of impartial consideration, pronounced her verdict. "The case is being handled with the grossest incompetence," she declared. "I do not find that the police are making the smallest effort to trace my unfortunate brother's assassin."

This harsh judgment, however, was not quite fair to Superintendent Hannasyde, who at that very moment was seated in Giles Carrington's office with Gregory Matthews' pass-book open on the desk between them.

"Do you know what connection Matthews had with a man called Hyde?" Hannasyde asked the solicitor.

Giles shook his head. "No, I'm afraid I don't. Why do you want to know?"

"I've been going through these bank accounts," replied Hannasyde, "and it appears that a considerable number of the cheques paid into his bank by Matthews came from this Hyde. Take a look. They're all rather large sums, and seem to have been paid in regularly once a month."

Giles took the pass-book, and studied the marked entries. "Looks as though he were running some sort of a business," he remarked. "If he was, I never heard of it. Do you suppose he owned a pawnbroker's or a fish-and-chips shop, and didn't want anyone to know of it?"

"I can't make it out at all. It may be something of that nature. I've had an interview with the bank manager, but he doesn't know any more than you do. The cheques were all drawn on the city branch of Foster's Bank. The chief cashier remembered them at once. I'll have to go and see what I can find out there." He got up and held out his hand for the pass-book. "I came to see you first because it's always a bit of a job getting information out of banks."

"Sorry," said Giles. "Nothing doing at all. I'll tell you what though; if anyone knows, Randall Matthews would. It's my belief there's precious little about his uncle that young gentleman doesn't know."

Hannasyde smiled rather grimly. "Yes, I had thought of him. But I haven't found Mr. Randall Matthews precisely falling over himself to take me into his confidence. Still, I can try him if all else fails."

He left Adam Street, and journeyed east to the city. At Foster's Bank the manager was civil, but by no means friendly. The bank, he said, was no doubt what Superintendent Hannasyde would consider old-fashioned; they had old-fashioned ways in it; he himself greatly deplored the modern methods of the police in trying to obtain information through banks. Time was . . .

Hannasyde, who never made enemies wantonly, listened, and sympathised, and quite agreed with the manager. In the end he got some information out of him, though not very much. The manager knew very little about John Hyde, who hardly ever came in person to the bank. He had opened an account a good many years ago now. It was believed that he was an agent for some northern firm of manufacturers; his address was 17 Gadsby Row; the manager regretted he could give Hannasyde no further information.

. . . . . .

Gadsby Row, which was a narrow, crowded street in the heart of the City, did not take Hannasyde long to find. He turned down it from the busy thoroughfare which it bisected, and, threading his way between hurrying typists and bareheaded errand-boys, son arrived at No. 17.

This was found to be a newsagent's shop, which also sold the cheaper kinds of cigarettes and tobacco.

It was a mean little place, with dirty windows, and it bore the name H. Brown on the fascia-board. A couple of steps led up into the interior of the shop, which was dark, and small, and smelled of stale smoke. Hannasyde walked in, and almost at once a door at the back of the shop opened, and a stout woman in an overall came into the shop and asked him what he wanted.

"I am looking for a Mr. John Hyde," said Hannasyde. "I understand this is where he lives."

"He ain't in," she replied shortly. "Don't know when he'll be back."

"Where can I find him, do you know?"

"I couldn't say, I'm sure."

The door at the back of the shop opened again, and a middle-aged man with a wispy moustache and a pair of watery blue eyes came out in his shirt-sleeves and said: "What's the gentleman want, Emma?"

"Someone asking for Mr. Hyde," she answered indifferently.

"You'll have to call back. He's not here."

"That's what I told him," corroborated his wife.

"Is this where he lives?" asked Hannasyde.

"No, it isn't," said Mr. Brown, eyeing him with dawning dislike.

"Then perhaps you can tell me where he does live?"

"No, I'm sorry, I can't. Take a message, if you like."

Hannasyde produced a card and gave it to him. "That's my name," he said. "It may help your memory a bit."

Mr. Brown read the legend on the card, and shot a swift, lowering look at the Superintendent. His wife craned her neck to see the card, and perceptibly changed color. She stared at Hannasyde and thrust out her lip a little. "We don't want no busies here!" she announced. "What d'you want to know?"

Hannasyde, who was accustomed to being regarded by the Mrs. Browns of this world with deep distrust, did not set a great deal of store by her obvious uneasiness, but replied in a business-like voice: "I've told you what I want to know. Where can I find Mr. John Hyde?"

"How can we tell you what we don't know?" she cried. "He ain't here, that's all."

Her husband nudged her away. "That's O.K., Emma; you get back to the kitchen." He put the Superintendent's card down on the counter, and said with a smile that showed a set of discolored teeth: "That's right, what she says. We haven't set eyes on Mr. Hyde, not since last Tuesday."

"What does he do here?"

Mr. Brown caressed his stubbly chin. "Well, you see, in a manner of speaking he owns the place."

Hannasyde frowned. "You mean he owns this shop?"

"No, not to say the shop, he doesn't. The whole house is his."

"He's your landlord, in fact?"

"That's it," agreed Mr. Brown. "He's an agent for one of them big firms up north. I don't know as he's got what you'd call a fixed address, barring this. You see, he travels about a lot in the way of business."

"Do you mean that he has an office here, or what?"

"That's right. You can see it if you like. There ain't anything there."

"How long has he been here?"

"Well, I couldn't say offhand," said Mr. Brown vaguely. "A goodish time. Somewhere round about seven or eight years, I think."

"What age man is he? What does he look like?"

"He's nothing particular to look at. I don't know as I could hardly describe him. He hasn't got the sort of face you can take hold of. Middle-aged, he is, and keeps himself to himself. What do you want with him?"

"That's my business. How often does he come here?"

"Pretty often," Mr. Brown said sullenly.

"Come along, answer! Does he come here every day?"

"Sometimes. Sometimes not. It ain't nothing to do with me. He comes as he pleases."

"When did you see him last?"

"I told you. It was last Tuesday. I ain't laid eyes on him since."

"Did he say he was going away?"

"No, he didn't. He didn't say nothing."

"Didn't give you any address for his letters to be forwarded to?"

Mr. Brown shot him another of his lowering glances. "There hasn't been no letters."

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PICTURES IN THE FIRE

"Other People's Homes," No. 5

By DOROTHY BLACK

Luella Grey was a famous star, but the part she played with the greatest restraint was the poignant story of her own life.

Luella didn't even notice that the great man had stopped to look at her.

Illustrated by WYNNE W DAVIES

LIGHTS did not often show through the curtains at Number 1. Luella Grey was away, or out, a great deal. And the curtains were so luxurious, so voluminous and thick.

Luella Grey was lucky indeed. She had youth and fame. She was a leading film star. She had riches, and nobody but herself to please.

Thus the neighbors saw her. They missed that significant scene, one December morning, at the studio where her films were being made.

The studio always looked like a warehouse that had been recently hit by a bombardment. There were bits of things everywhere . . . gardens, and bedrooms, and battlefields and snowy vistas. Arc lights poured their hot rays on to different scenes being acted inside their partitions.

Inside the director's room sat Sam Kronstock, the director himself, and an insignificant, apologetic little man—the author—and Miss Luella Grey.

They were going through the script of a new picture together. The author was there to make alterations as required. They are expected to turn the inspiration on and off, like a bathroom tap.

"Then," said the director, emphasising the passage with the stump of his cigar, "you take the little kid into your arms, Luella, and you sort of yearn over him. Good stuff, this. The tears pour down your cheeks. Etc., etc. You carry right on from here to para. 6, where I've marked the cross . . . 'O, my baby, my little baby, if you had lived . . .' etc., etc. You'll get that over fine, Lu. Gee, you'll knock them . . ."

She said through a sudden silence:

"No, I won't. Because I'm not going to do it."

His cigar wavered. He looked at her, surprised. She was not that sort, as a rule. Not temperamental and moody. Just a good hard worker who knew what she could do, and did it. And this was a part she could do.

"If you don't cut it out, you can get another star," she said. She was not nasty. Quite calm and quiet. Then she went away and shut the door gently and politely behind her. Not clattering it to as some would, enough to bring the place round your ears.

"There!" said the director. "You see what it is. You're always complaining at what you have got to put up with! Now look what I have to put up with. The one girl you feel you can really rely on walks out—you'll have to change it, that's all. You'll have to cut it out altogether. Yes, I know it breaks your heart. It breaks mine! But it can't be helped. I've never known Lu act like that, and I've known her some years."

He added, half to himself:

"So that's the way it is. Well, most of these women have pasta. Remember that song they used to sing long ago?

'And the lights flashed
And the music rang
And the stage was all aglow,
But the real tale of the woman there
Nobody cared to know.'

"Good thing, it was. Tum-ti-tum. I've forgotten the tune."

Miss Luella Grey's English agent had taken Number 1 in the avenue for her when he signed her English contract. She was to do six pictures in England, and the avenue was within easy reach of the studios by car.

To Luella Grey, the neat little house with its gay curtains and carpets and its mullioned windows was like a bright caravan lodged in a little garden. A caravan where she perched meantime, with Lilli her French maid. Lilli had been with her for years and years. Luella had taken her on, without a character, because she was sorry for her.

Lilli had never forgotten it.

"Some day you shall see," said Lilli. "I also will do something for you."

She was a brown-eyed, dark-skinned woman, faithfulness personified, in a black frock and a white apron.

Luella came from a little lost town far off in old Virginia. Her name had not been Luella, then, and it had not been Grey. She often wondered whether anyone there remembered her and her story. Sometimes, sitting alone over the fire, in a rare evening of leisure, she saw it pass before her in a series of scenes. Like a picture play run through slowly, photographed here and there in close-up. Directed by Fate!

The room was arranged for a lavish party, all looped lace curtains and flowers and bows, and colored servants bowing to you. She had on her best frock, white and billowing, with frills and little blue bows. It was the first frock she had ever bought for herself.

She was working then as a super in one of the film companies. A very young company, that had not started its upward climb. She was never likely to do much, they told her. Her type was too common.

A rich girl friend had taken her to this party. She was thrilled and rather frightened. Someone introduced her to Malcolm Francis, quite the best-looking man she had ever seen, but she thought:

"No good getting excited. It's not likely he'd look at me."

He was an Englishman attached to one of the embassies. She had always liked Englishmen.

His voice was one of the most charming qualities about him. A caressing voice. It touched something deep in her heart that had never been touched before. He danced with her a lot, and took her to supper. Over a table laden with silver and roses he asked her all about herself.

"AND one day, I suppose, you'll be a star."

She said, guilelessly: "I'm afraid I shan't. My type is too common. They say I lack depth."

"That is because you have never suffered, my child."

She was only seventeen. She was indignant and piqued.

"But I have," she pointed out gravely. "I've had measles and appendix."

She could not think why he laughed.

He put his hand out presently and laid it on top of hers. A brown hand, slender and hard and beautiful. She looked at him, and their eyes met for a long minute.

Fade out!

Moonlight on water—how long after does not matter now. Moonlight on water, and far off, someone playing a tune on a guitar. They were sitting on the shore and the surf came booming in. Boom, and the scream of the shingle torn back by the waves. Then boom again. The moon rose higher.

"I love you," he whispered, his arm about her. "You know I love you."

She nodded, her face hidden against him.

"Come away with me. Take a holiday, my sweet. Let's be happy together."

The music from the guitar rose, and drowned the stars, and put out the caution in Luella's heart, leaving there only a line of poetry.

"O, let me live a little while
Before I die forever."

Then the clouds came rolling over the moon, and the glory went out. The screen is darkened and nothing is heard but the boom of the surf, the scream of the shingle torn back by the waves.

It never dawned on Luella there would be anything, after that, but marriage. When she knew she was going to have a baby she was not frightened. She was pleased. She loved him.

Then somebody told her, quite lightly and casually over a luncheon table, that he was married. His wife was in England. They said she was a great beauty.

"These dark and silent Englishmen, when they are roused, are the devil," said somebody. "Take care, Luella. You are too young. You wouldn't know how to handle him. Don't get your pretty fingers burnt."

Somebody went off laughing.

Luella remained, tearing the roses that decorated the table to pieces, petal by petal. Then she went home, and sat all night, very still, staring in front of her.

She loved him. And he wasn't trustworthy, or faithful, or grand, but it made no difference. She always would love him, and she did not intend to be a shame and a bitter memory to him.

So she never told him.

She let him go to England, and did not see or hear of him again, but kept him in her heart, not as he really was, but as she had at first thought him.

So love gives immortality to the unworthy.

. . . . . .

Luella wanted her baby, and since there was only one possible way to have it, she would take that way. She wanted him to be dark of hair, and grow up lean and brown with beautiful hands. (Lorne Winter at Number 10 was the same type. From her window Luella often watched him wistfully.)

SHE wasn't afraid. She could earn her living, couldn't she? She could work for two just as well as for one, couldn't she? She had been doing rather better of late. Someone fell ill and they gave her small character parts.

The picture faded out, on a girl sitting at a table in a shabby room, thoughtfully biting her pen, a clean sheet of paper before her.

. . . . . .

All sorts of men answered her advertisement. Old men, young men, horrible men, playful, facetious men. Any one of them was prepared to marry her and give her baby a name for a lump sum down, and guarantee never to bother her afterwards. The marriage was to be in name only.

She thought it all out quite reasonably and calmly. Without any fireworks of self-pity or emotion. From her earliest youth Luella always had a good business head. It was the only way she could keep herself decent, and avoid scandal and talk, and have what she wanted.

She chose Ed Stevens, because he looked innocent and pleasant and boyish. There was something pleasing and diffident about him, and he was just as shy and embarrassed about it all as she was. She knew she would never have any trouble with anyone like that, and, of course, it was a risky thing she was doing. Risky, but the only way.

The marriage was arranged over coffee and lemon pie in a cafeteria. She told him the whole story. He looked honest, and it was best to be quite frank.

"You've had a tough break, sister," he said. "I'll be glad to help you."

No one was at all excited over the marriage. An unimportant super marries an unknown young man with a nice open face. It rained on their wedding day. It rained when she paid Ed Stevens the lump sum agreed upon and he left her, she thought, for ever. Fade out the scene, to the sound of the wind and the rain.

The next scene might have been written by the insignificant, apologetic little man, the author, who had sat in the director's room while they went through the script of the new story. Queer tricks life plays on you.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

COLOR BY THE SEA . . .

• Sleek and glistening as a wet seal—a figure-moulding one-piece costume in royal-blue velva-sheen offset with a very dashing Mexican sombrero.

• Gay trio basking in the sun. The lass at the left wears an aqua-blue ribbed wool one-piecer; next the bare midriff style interpreted in white fabric printed with shaggy blue flowers; then the classically simple wool suit in deepest vintage.

• Answering the call of the surf in an effectively simple costume in rusty-red wool with do-things-for-the-figure stripes in chalk-white.

• Sirens on the rocks. Fetching swim suits, from left to right, are terra-cotta wool with flattering shirred neckline; slinky, powder-blue wool, striped with white; and for the slim and willowy—a white wool bra-top suit.

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Combat the heat in . . .

CRISP COTTONS

• Graceful lilies in green, grey, and yellow on a ground of white muslin. Cut-out flowers foam over the shoulder-line and the filmy skirt is propped out with a starched petticoat. (Right.)

• A wide skirt of blue-and-white striped seersucker topped with a "cover-up" bodice of white pique, featuring cut-out panels to show off a suntanned back. (Right.)

• The "little-woman" frock achieves great drama, interpreted in whopping plaid linen in rich purple tonings. The silhouette is slim and willowy, and pockets add charm. (Left.)

• Glacial white cotton coin-spotted in fiesta-red and made with the long torso line and flounced skirt banded in red tape.

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GAY BEACH TOGS

● Easy-to-make new styles designed by Petrov for smart sun and surf fans. Paper patterns are obtainable from our Pattern Department, in stock sizes (32 to 38 bust).

F2067

F2067—Quilted boxy jacket and a clever little bag to match. 1¾yds. for jacket, and ⅜yd. for bag. Pattern, 1/4.

F2068 — Exotic sarong swimsuit with a cunningly - draped skirt. 3¾yds. for skirt, 1¼yds. for trunks, and ⅜yd. for brassiere. Pattern, 1/7.

F2068

F2069

F2069 — The bolero buttons on in this dressmaker suit. 2¼yds. Pattern, 1/4.

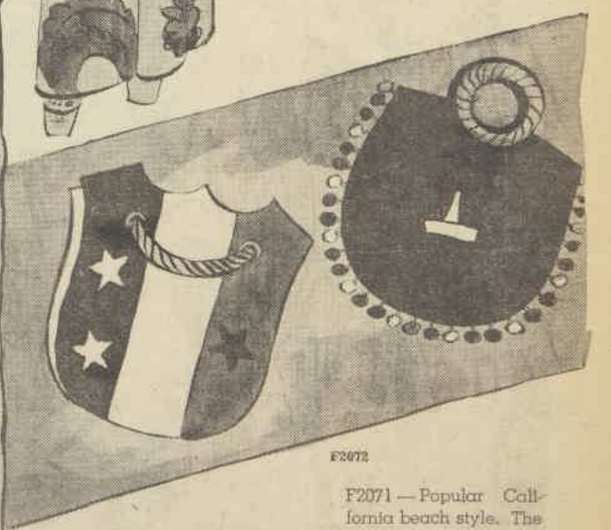
F2072—New trends in beach bags—the first in red-white-and-blue sailcloth is shaped like a shield. Requires ¼yd. of each color. The one on the right reflects the Mexicana influence in south-of-the-border colors and dangling pom-pons. ⅜yd. Pattern, 1/7.

F2070

F2071

PETROV

F2070 — Softly-full hostess pyjamas in brown sheer crepe have brilliant front panels arranged so that the illusion of skirt is given. 3⅜ yds. dark, 1½yds. mid, 2yds. light. Pattern, 1/10.



F2072

F2071 — Popular California beach style. The slickly - tailored slacksuit with gay-striped blouse, zipped down the front. Requires 2¾ yds. for slacks, and for blouse 1⅛yds. dark, 1yd. mid, and ⅞yd. light. Pattern, 1/7.

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F1091.—Slim style with clever yoke effect and extended shoulderline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3⅝yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3144.—Tailored sports frock with side pleats and buttons marching down the front. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3⅞yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3156.—For important daytime occasions—a pocketed frock with tucked bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4⅛yds., 36ins. wide, and ⅜yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F1690.—Youthful version of the sleek-fitting jacket frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3125.—A dainty, full-skirted frock for tiny tots. 2 to 8 years. Requires 1¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

F1753.—Unusual frock with bib front and long, full sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3⅝yds., 36ins. wide, and ¼yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F1038.—Dinner and dance frock with flowing skirt topped by a vividly contrasting bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 6⅞yds. for skirt, and 1⅝yds. for bodice, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

Special Concession Pattern

THREE ultra-flattering blouses and a skirt.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

No. 1 requires 2½yds. for skirt and 2½yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide.

No. 2 requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3 requires 2¼yds., 36ins. wide.

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Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

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A GIFT TO THE NATION

"I'm in no need o' bein' cheered up, sir," Mr. Hall growled at the captain.

TO Mr. Hall's mind that last three hundred tons of Barbados sugar was a mistake.

Mr. Hall came somewhat profanely to that decision after having instructed the 'Badian boatman to pull him around the steamer St. Nicholas for the third time. She looked lower at every circuit and Mr. Hall was not at all sure that this was merely an optical illusion.

"Sure she's only down to her marks," he said to Fred Rieser, the young man who had applied for the job of second mate. "But supposin' one o' those pumps hiccoughed? Supposin' the chief got lost for three minutes in the steam that's escapin' from every pipe in her? Suppose a wave over four inches high should hit her between here an' the English Channel? Then how far down would she be?"

Mr. Hall paused, but not long enough for the would-be second mate to reply.

"The answer's on the chart o' the waters around here an' it's something over a thousand fathoms," Mr. Hall said. "That's how far down she'd be."

From the bridge of the St. Nicholas the old man, Commander Bertram Billingsby, R.N., retired, hailed the boat:

"Mr. Hall!" he piped. "Will you come aboard, please?"

Mr. Hall answered and growled in his throat. "Pull around to the starboard side," he told the boatman.

He indicated himself with a finger like a belaying pin. "I'm an American citizen," he said. "It's against the law for me to go get myself killed in a war zone, especially when the chances are we'll never make it to the war zone. An' look at what I got for a master! A silly old Limey ex-naval officer with bats under his hat. And the ship under the Greek flag!"

"Well, how about quittin'?" suggested the Canadian would-be officer hopefully.

Mr. Hall glared at Mr. Rieser. "Your trouble is you talk too much," he said. "You're practically a Limey yourself, if you was born across the river from Detroit. And you're forgetting you're nothing but a second mate—I mean not even a second mate."

Fred Rieser grinned.

Mr. Hall jerked a finger towards the bridge at the attenuated figure of Commander Billingsby, R.N., retired, and lowered his voice:

"You know what that little wart told me once? He told me that in the World War—the first one—he served with the British fleet at the Dardanelles. He was proud of it! Proud! You know what happened at the Dardanelles? The Turks trimmed the Limeys. Sat in their forts and lobbed shells at the battleships till the British had to quit. They never did force the straits."

He shook his head. "But Billingsby was proud he'd been there. He was proud o' being licked. An American wouldn't ha' admitted it. He would ha' had an alibi. He'd ha' been able to prove he wasn't around when the Turks dished it out. Sure! Why not? Do they pay off horses that finish last? The trick is to win, not to lose. But I've often noticed that Limeys don't mind being licked. They like it! An' that ain't our style at all. We do our best to win, and if we don't an' we've put up a good fight, why, all right, but we don't advertise the licking any."

He looked up uneasily at the stern of the St. Nicholas as the boat swung around under it.

"Le' me tell you why you won't want this job," he said. "The old boy has been on ice in Fowey, Cornwall, with asthma for years. So he gets turned down for active service with the navy. But he's inherited all the jack in the Billingsby family an' has no kids to represent him in this war so he gets ambitious himself. So he comes out here an' buys a Greek ship piled up on a coral reef off the Venezuelan coast.

"Me being a practical man and out of a job he hires me to get her off cheap. We get her off, fix her up a little. He figures on taking her to England and presenting her with his compliments to the nation. 'England need ships,' he says. 'Ships will win the war. This one can be transferred to British registry and carry many a cargo.'"

"Not a bad id——"

"BUT," Mr. Hall interrupted angrily, "he loads her down with scrap and then piles sugar in her 'tween decks. More gifts to the nation! He makes an impossibility out of what was only a long chance. That last three hundred o' sugar! My story is we'll pull one o' these Limey 'glorious attempts' an go down with all hands instead of gettin' there with a couple o' thousand tons o' melting scrap. That way Commander Billingsby will be a hero forever instead of just a guy that done a job." He leaned over to tap young Fred Rieser on the knee. "An' that's why you don't want to berth in this one."

Mr. Rieser's eyes were glowing. "We'll make a good try," he said.

Mr. Hall groaned. "Another one!" he said. "You wouldn't think a river as narrow as the Detroit would make all that difference!"

"What d' you mean?" asked Mr. Rieser.

Mr. Hall leaned forward and bulged his jaw. "I mean if I'm in this, this ain't going to be a good try. We're not trying; we're goin' to get there."

He grasped the ropes of the Jacob's ladder and looked down at Mr. Rieser. "Only I got an idea we ain't goin' to get there," he added with gloomy prescience.

Tredeen the chief engineer, rising from a cloud of steam, admitted to the inquiring Mr. Hall that he could use three more days to repair the sins of the Greek ex-chief and the ravages the sea had wrought while the St. Nicholas lay on her bilge on the reef. He'd been able to kick her from Caribbean port to port as she was. But to make the 3503 miles from Barbados to Plymouth — Mr. Tredeen shrugged his singlet-clad shoulders.

Mr. Hall, who had been observing that the north-east trade had backed to north and was blowing with increasing enthusiasm, lured the chief up out of his misty cavern into the presence of the old man.

But Commander Bertram Billingsby, R.N., retired, overruled the idea of delay between wheezes. In spite of the fact that Mr. Hall called him a little guy he was quite as tall as the mate and now he seemed taller.

"This is war, gentlemen," he said in his uncertain voice. "We must ignore such normal hazards as engine breakdown and gales to accomplish our mission."

"Our mission bein' to sink in a gallant manner," Mr. Hall growled in Fred Rieser's ear, not taking too much trouble to keep his voice down.

Captain Billingsby looked at his mate.

"Every day lost—is an advantage lost," the old man said. He turned to Tredeen. "Is it impossible to get away—or merely hazardous?"

The squat Cornishman snorted. He tapped the engine-room telegraph significantly and swiveled a glance of supreme contempt at all deck officers within range, including Captain Billingsby.

"Give me a jingle," he challenged and went below.

Mr. Hall began to air his views to Mr. Rieser in the port cab of the bridge.

"I'm alone on the ship," he said. "That engineer's a guy I counted on to have some sense, but he turns out to be as British as that wheezin' old R.N. An' the rest of 'em are all Lim——" He caught sight of two coal-black 'Badian seamen on the well deck—"or claim to be," he added. "We even got 'em from British Honduras an' British Guiana, but to listen to 'em they were all born in Trafalgar Square under a stone lion. I got the whole job o' dunkin' the glory an' getting her into port."

"I'll give you a hand," said Mr. Rieser, grinning. "After all, I was born within sight of the United States."

"But you wasn't lookin' our way at the time," said Mr. Hall. "You're lucky that a practical man like me is aboard. I'll get her across." He meditated, sourly measuring the breadth of the second mate's grin. "I hope," he added.

. . . . .

It was not long after leaving Carlisle Bay and rounding South Point that Mr. Hall's apprehensions regarding that northerly wind came to be felt. Once out from under the lee of the island the St. Nicholas began taking sizable seas on the port bow.

She slogged into these after the manner of a man walking into a steel bulkhead on a dark night. The seas stone-walled her. But she staggered on between blows into the north-east all that long afternoon.

The wind didn't ease up and fall light at night, after the custom of the trade wind. It kept on blowing, increasing slowly, while the seas built up. The St. Nicholas butted on. She slowed up without any jingle from the bridge. It became apparent to Mr. Hall, gloomily triumphant, that Tredeen would now begrudge the deck enough steam to blow the whistle. He was pinching steam from the main engine to run his pumps and he made use of his sanitary pumps to reinforce his bilge pumps to throw the water out of her.

"We're on our way," said Mr. Hall when he came up at 4 a.m. to take over the bridge from the second mate.

"ON our way, but not making much," Mr. Rieser said.

Vengefully Mr. Hall stabbed downward at the floor of the Atlantic "On our way down an' doin' pretty well, mister. I'd say we were a foot nearer bottom already."

Not long after that Mr. Tredeen stuck his head up to glare defiantly —too defiantly—at the seas breaking over her *forecastle* head. The carpenter, a taciturn New Zealander, sounded the wells and made his unpleasant report. The tops of the seas, with a good few tons of water in them, came aft and tried out the strength of the wooden hatch-covers of Number One and Number Two holds.

Wearily Captain Billingsby came out of his immobility in the weather cab of the bridge.

"You were right in your estimate of the situation, Mr. Hall," he said, and his asthmatic wheezing seemed worse than usual. "Nevertheless, I conceived it my duty . . . to proceed at the earliest opportunity. I would be compelled to act in the same manner . . . if I had the decision to make again . . . on the chance that we might have met better weather."

Mr. Hall grunted. "Swank . . . that's their word for it an' it goes with me," he told himself. "I know these cargo scows, sir," he said aloud. "She's practically hove to now, an' wastin' coal an' riskin' stove-in hatch covers. How about puttin' her stern on to this an' breakin' out a sea anchor, sir? I figure she'd ride easier an' shake fewer rivets out o' her plates."

Captain Billingsby considered the matter. It wasn't the way you handled a naval craft bound on a service mission.

Mr. Hall walked over to glare at the spot where Tredeen had emerged from his steam bath and then came back.

"I could tell by the slant o' that chief engineer's jaw that he's runnin' too much sea water through his boilers, sir," he said to the old man. "Lyin' to a sea anchor will give him a chance to repair some o' his condenser tubes if she don't sink while he's at it. Nice weather for a job like that."

Captain Billingsby walked into the wheelhouse and whistled down the engine-room speaking-tube. Mr. Hall sent a man of the watch forward to get out the watches below. Handling a sea anchor is not a job for one man. He had his men ready when the old man gave the order.

That was the start of it. The gale got no worse, but neither did it blow itself out.

In the next score of days Mr. Hall got an idea that maybe some of the guff broken old men had poured into his ears about hardships under sail was perhaps true. Mercilessly he drove his willing crew on that long battle to get to windward against persistent gales. She was making the fight on what steam Tredeen could spare from the pumps. She never hung up a run of more than 126 miles in twenty-four hours.

Mr. Hall himself learned a lot he had forgotten about sewing heavy canvas as he led the crew on the job of keeping her in sea anchors. The sea anchors ripped to pieces like wet paper as she reared and plunged under the impact of the seas.

It was like that. And the thing that made Mr. Hall sorest was that this bunch of Limeys, black, white and tan, were all glorying in taking it. And the white men were worst, for they were the quietest about it. The old man would prop his frail figure up in the cab and watch the charging seas unendingly, staring ahead while Mr. Hall wondered if the next gust wouldn't pick him up and blow him down to leeward.

"I'll bet every last one of you Empire builders would welcome bucking a hurricane!" he snarled at Mr. Rieser. "Well, mister, you can't show your patriotic ideas in a hurricane because if I get warning o' one I'm goin' to hightail out of it if I have t' duck round Cape Stiff. I'm going to get you to England, scrap iron, sugar, patriotics an' all, intact."

He stopped talking, with a pained expression, as the ship took one and failed to rise to the next greyback. She floundered through, with water roaring aft and off her, and waddled on.

Captain Billingsby came strolling out of the cab of the bridge.

"It's moderating fast, Mr. Hall," he said pleasantly.

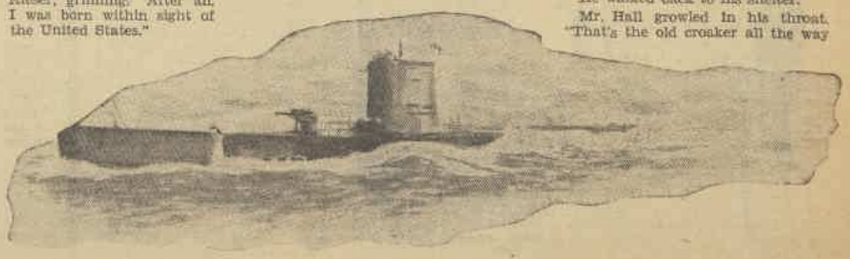
Mr. Hall grunted. "I'm in no need o' bein' cheered up, sir," he bawled, and stood up very straight.

A faint tinge of pink showed on Captain Billingsby's grey face. For a long moment, while the wind thundered at the dodger, he stood silent. Then he spoke:

"I should have known that, Mr. Hall."

He walked back to his shelter.

Mr. Hall growled in his throat. "That's the old croaker all the way



Illustrated by VIRGIL

The action was over. The convoy was saved.

By R. H. WATKINS

through," he said somewhat incoherently. "Insults a guy and then makes him sorry he stood up f'r himself. I'm goin' to make him heave her to again."

Captain Billingsby rejected the suggestion. They caught more of a lacing than usual that night.

"It's gettin' so I'm prayin' for a submarine to start shelling us so I can get into a nice safe lifeboat an' bail for my life," the mate said through his teeth to Mr. Tredeen.

Wearily Captain Billingsby gave the word to heave her to. As they had laboriously climbed the latitude his breath had grown shorter and the bones of his face were nearly through his skin.

Next morning it did moderate. The wind left a soaring swell that picked up the ship in easy mockery, then dropped her casually.

It occurred to Mr. Hall that this thing couldn't last for ever; that the position marked on the chart was where she was and not just where they wished she was. Turtle-like, she had crawled within a day or two of landfall. This was English weather. They were that close. Mr. Hall swung out the lifeboats on the davits and ordered lifebelts kept handy.

"Maybe the gut is to get her to within sight of the granite cliffs o' Cornwall or the red cliffs o' Devon, or the white cliffs o' Dover and then let her dive," the mate said to Mr. Rieser. "That way it would be a lot gallanter. Swankier, huh?"

Mr. Rieser started to pat his arm and then changed his mind. "The old man wants to bring her into Plymouth Sound, within sight of Devonport dockyard, where the navy turned him down," he said cheerily. "I know a pub on Bedford Street where——"

"I know more pubs in Plymouth than you do and I won't buy any o' you Limeys a drink in any of 'em," Mr. Hall snapped. "I'm an American, I am, and I don't belong around here in the war zone and I'll feel silly sinkin' in the Channel an' probably gettin' pinched for it. Furthermore——"

He stopped as his roving eye encountered smoke in the greyness a couple of points on the port quarter. There was quite a bit of smoke in sight when the bridge was lifted high on a swell.

It was a convoy. There was soon no doubt of that. And the merchant ships in it were making speed—about twice that of the St. Nicholas.

A destroyer came knifing and soaring up over the swells for a look at them. She seemed to bring thicker weather along with her, for the convoy vanished. The drizzle started in earnest, a speckle of tiny, clinging globules that drifted carelessly through misty air.

Captain Billingsby, letting go his hold on the rail, stared over the dodger at the destroyer with longing eyes and an expressionless face.

They managed to convince the destroyer commander by megaphone of their good faith. The old man's breath wasn't equal to megaphoning. But seemingly the destroyer commander had heard of the St. Nicholas. The lean, fierce little ship spun around and left them. No chance of a crippled ship like the St. Nicholas joining the convoy.

But, on converging courses, in the mist, the convoy joined the St. Nicholas. One ship, a big imposing cargo liner whose long bridge structure gave intimation of sizable passenger capacity, came within the veil of fog around the stern of the laboring little tramper.

"Zigzagging," said young Mr. Rieser wisely.

"Don't tell me," said Mr. Hall. "I——"

Gunfire cut off his voice. Gunfire ahead, somewhere in the mist.

Gunfire!

"They don't shoot guns for fun in this kind o' weather, with a convoy on their necks," Mr. Hall said. "Not even navy swabs would do that."

In the wheelhouse a Cockney quartermaster was gripping the wheel as if it were fighting him and breathing hard through his mouth. Mr. Hall peered past the wheelhouse at the big ship astern.

She had been headed to pass to starboard under their stern, but now, with gunfire in her ears, she was swinging quickly to port, to get back into the company of other ships.

Suddenly Mr. Hall let his breath go out of him in a sudden cry. One arm jumped up to point; the other grabbed Captain Billingsby's pipe-stem arm and jerked him around.

"Submarine!" the mate snapped out. "Broad on the starboard bow! Periscope—her deck's awash!"

On the filmy edge of the fog was the submarine, black with menace, a steel thing devoid of human life. It was swinging fast. And instantly Mr. Hall got it.

She was swinging to get a tube lined up on the big cargo liner already turning astern of the St. Nicholas. In a few moments that convoyed ship would be presenting her whole starboard side to the submarine's torpedo.

"Ram! Ram that guy!" Mr. Hall cried. He jabbed his hand towards the sub, and pinned the Cockney helmsman with his eye. "Right! Hard right! Ram that swab!"

The quartermaster gulped for air and started to spin the wheel.

"There's a chance to get him," Hall said softly. His jaw was hard. His eyes stuck out as he stared at the sub, a hundred yards ahead. "Swing her!"

The old man spoke.

His voice was thin but it cut through the air much as the destroyer had slashed through the seas.

"Steady!" he commanded. "Steady as she is!"

"Steady as she is, sir!" the quartermaster repeated shrilly. He halted her slowly turning bow.

"But——"

The thin voice silenced Mr. Hall's agonised protest. "Not enough way, Mr. Hall. We couldn't get there. But——"

The old man lifted his thin hand to indicate the big, laden freighter and then his own sorry old craft, crawling slowly in between the submarine and that huge, easy victim.

"She makes a good screen, this ship," the old man said and his eyes turned back to the periscope. Already a destroyer was poking her sharp nose through the fog ahead of them. "A good screen, Mr. Hall—and small gift—to the nation."

His war-trained eyes must have seen something about that submarine that Mr. Hall missed, for suddenly his voice quickened:

"Get the men out of the engine-room! All hands on deck!"

"All hands on deck!" bellowed Mr. Hall and dived for the engine-room speaking tube.

He was still shouting down the tube in the wheelhouse when it happened. His eyes, turned towards the bridge, first saw Commander Billingsby's thin white hands suddenly leave the bridge rail and dart to his sides, fingers at the seams of his trousers. The small figure became stiff. Then something, sound overpowering his ears or a blast of air as solid as water, smashed down on Mr. Hall. The torpedo had hit.

When he could struggle again he managed to slide out from under a flattened section of the forward wheelhouse wall. He crawled through a shattered frame of glass.

The bridge was a grotesque curve. Staring past it Mr. Hall saw her bow was gone—chewed off. He was numbly glad that her hands didn't bunk forward. Numbers one and two hatches gaped open. Hatch boards and tarpaulins had long since been flung skyward by the blast within her. Already there was water boiling up through those hatches. She was nosing down to the bottom. The dead weight of scrap metal within her made her eager for that last dive.

Mr. Hall looked around. He saw Mr. Rieser bending over something beside the port side of what had been the wheelhouse. It was the old man he was fussing with and the old man's grey head was injured.

Mr. Hall looked aft at the tilting deck, with men moving fast though none too purposefully in a fog-framed disaster.

"Abandon ship!" he bawled through cupped hands. He grabbed Mr. Rieser's shoulder. "Get the port lifeboat afloat—let go the falls or cut her loose—so she'll drift clear. A swell mess——"

He and Mr. Rieser and the old man's body went sliding all together. It looked as if an enormous sea had risen up ahead and was preparing to come down on her. But it wasn't that. It was the ship lifting her stern high and sliding bow first down into the sea.

Green water overwhelmed them as Mr. Hall made a grab at the old man's body. He hung on, kicking with both feet and thrashing with one hand, fighting too hard to wonder how much drag a sinking ship really exerted.

His breath went fast. His struggling and even his grip on the old man were failing when his mouth came through into air. He breathed and then he tried to lift old Billingsby's head.

The swirling seas had cleaned off the old man's head wound with merciless thoroughness. Mr. Hall saw at a glance that Commander Bertram Billingsby, R.N., retired, was dead.

Gasping hard, Mr. Rieser emerged from a wave. A good few men, most of them floundering towards an overturned lifeboat, were visible amid the debris of the St. Nicholas. Close past them, with guns hammering, knifed the nearest destroyer. The submarine had disappeared.

Just visible, the huge bulk of the freighter ploughed on steadily. A big, modern ship, that.

Rieser swam towards Mr. Hall. The Canadian's smile was gone. He stared with blinking, salty eyes at the mate.

"Wha' did I tell you?" gasped the mate. "He got us torped——"

"You don't need to hold him up now," Rieser panted and scowled at him. "The old man's dead."

"Sure!" Mr. Hall said, kicking vigorously. "He should ha' tried to ram. He might ha' made it."

He breathed at the wrong moment, expelled a mouthful of water, coughed and pointed.

"Shove that hatch board over," he choked. "Maybe these Limeys will want t'—make a fuss over the little guy—just f'r gettin' his ship sunk. An' if that's so I want t' see all the doin's. It's so ridiculous! Heave him up on it!"

Mr. Rieser helped drag the old man up on to the hatch cover. Then he looked across at Mr. Hall and a faint shadow of his old grin crossed his face.

"What a miserable hypocrite you turned out to be, mister," he said.

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An Editorial

JANUARY 4, 1941.

BRIGHT HOPES FOR NEW YEAR

THE year just passed has shown us how the Empire can raise itself above disaster.

It has amazed the world by its resiliency. Blow after blow was met. Dunkirk; the capitulation of France; the blitzkrieg on England. But Britain weathered it all.

An admiring world seeing England bowed under the storm agreed that she could "take it."

Now at the close of the year Britain dramatically shows us she can also hand it out.

The victory in Libya is a striking example of aggressive warfare.

The soldiers were sent in to defeat the Italians with this message from General Wavell ringing in their ears:

"We are better than the enemy in everything but numbers."

And it so proved. Wavell's message, destined to become famous, should be our motto for 1941.

It can help us in the strenuous days we are facing. Because 1941 must see us putting forth a bigger war effort. It must be an all-in drive for victory.

The defeat of the Italians shows us that the quality of the soldier, his fighting powers, endurance, and morale still mean a lot more than mere numbers.

But we must have the numbers as well; we must have the guns and the planes, and we must have everyone behind the war effort to the limit. There can be no time in 1941 for party or sectional spirit, for personal ambitions or careers. For us at home there is the example of the soldier in the field. Like him we must be prepared to give our all without question and without complaint.

If we start the New Year in this way, every day will bring us closer to victory.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

A.I.F. RAAF RAN

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Able-Seaman Jack Bryan, with the Royal Australian Navy, to his wife in Abbotsford, N.S.W.:

"WE have been under fire for three days and nights, and my nerves are only shreds after seeing, day after day, shells creeping closer and closer, and hearing shrapnel pattering on steel all around us. It sounds as though it is raining, and added to this is the mental strain of dodging torpedoes, so you can imagine how we all feel.

"I must say not only was my faith in the captain justified, but now the whole ship's company look on him as their saviour. It is due to him, and only him, that we are at anchor in harbor to-day and without the loss of one life."

✣ ✣ ✣

Gunner Roy Williams in Darwin to his mother in Wallsend, N.S.W.:

"WE are now in our new barracks, and they are very good, just like a luxurious hotel.

"There are 50 men in each barracks, and we all have a mosquito net, two blankets and two sheets. The food is very good.

"I have the whole week-end off, and we are going crocodile shooting over the other side to Bathurst Island.

"We get plenty of rest. I have four hours on and four hours off.

"We are having a dance on December 19, and we are catering for it out of our own kitchen."

✣ ✣ ✣

Private E. N. Draper to his little daughter, Rosemary, in North Adelaide:

"WHEN Daddy is lying in his bed of a night all the other men and Daddy sing, 'One Day When We Were Young,' and I tell them that you used to sing it for me lots of times.

"Be a good little girl for Mummy, and help her make the beds, won't you, then when Daddy comes home to you all you can make Daddy's bed.

"Now here's a big kiss for you, dear. Did you get it? Good oh! You had better give some of that one to Mummy, eh?"

✣ ✣ ✣

Private E. Schofield to his mother and sister in Petersham, N.S.W.:

"I SEE in The Australian Women's Weekly the spring fashions are very nice this year.

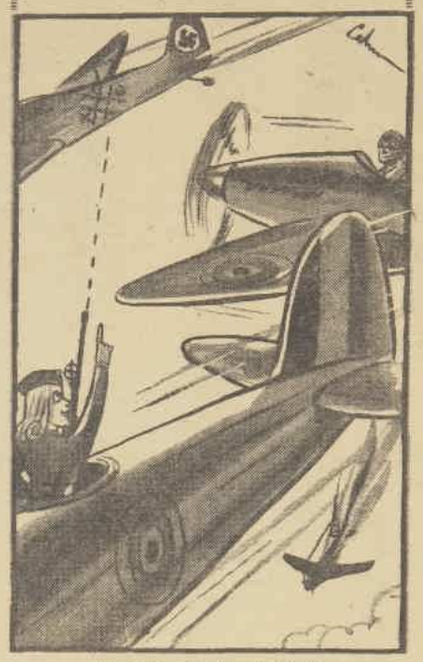
"I'm glad to see the war hasn't stopped women from being bright and gay.

"It's just as well, for we look to you for inspiration. So if you can be bright and gay on the surface it will help us along.

"Do you think if the suggestion were made to a music firm in Sydney to send good music to our band they would do anything about it?

"Our band plays for dances and concerts as well as marches, but we can't get the latest music—in fact, very little of any kind, so any music would be a help to us."

Winnie the War Winner



"YOUR SHOT NEXT!"

Driver Harry Arrowsmith to his aunt in Woollahra, N.S.W.:

"WE disembarked at Bombay for a few days and had a very good time.

"The only trouble was chasing the beggars away. Everywhere we went there were men, women, and children following us in mobs asking us for 'anna, please'—an anna is a coin worth 1½d Australian.

"From Bombay we went to a rest camp in the hills of India where we continued our holiday for another few days.

"We had an Indian to clean our boots, do our washing, clean our tent up and do any odd jobs, all for eight annas a week.

"If we had stopped there any longer we would have been too lazy even to eat our meals. We would have had to get someone to eat them for us."

✣ ✣ ✣

Leading-Aircraftsman Iveson, R.A.A.F., now in Canada, to a friend in Old Junee, N.S.W.:

"THIS is our eighth day at sea, and I am pleased to say that so far I haven't experienced seasickness.

"The first day after leaving Sydney a heavy sea was running, but it soon calmed down, and we finished the run to Auckland in beautiful weather.

"Unfortunately we struck bad weather at Auckland, and it spoilt our leave a little.

"But on the whole we had a good time and were given a great reception.

"Motor tours and dances were organised for us, and we saw most of the highlights of the town.

"At present we are steaming for Fiji, where we get our last leave until we reach Canada."

A sergeant in England to a friend in Pt. Piper, N.S.W.:

"I HAVE visited Bournemouth, the seaside resort on the western fringe of the New Forest.

"It is situated near the English Channel, and was considered a likely place for the landing of invading troops and mechanised units.

"As one would expect, certain precautions have been taken.

"What was a few months ago a typical seaside town to-day presents a picture of armed soldiers grimly waiting for any invader who dares to tread where for centuries no invading armies have set foot.

"Mighty guns, tanks, and pillars of concrete dominate the once-popular promenade, while barbed wire covers the sandy beach almost to the water's edge."

✣ ✣ ✣

Driver N. Gill in Egypt to a friend in East Melbourne:

"ONE of the most beautiful sights I see here is the sun setting behind the pyramids, with the desert all round, and the Nile flowing in front with native boats going to and fro.

"One day, going to the station with troops in the truck, we saw King Farouk inspecting troops in front of Parliament House. One of the boys tooted the horn till the King turned round, and when he looked at us we waved to him.

"King Farouk looked dumbfounded at first, then smiled and waved back."

✣ ✣ ✣

Lance-Corporal C. S. Collins in England to his wife in Melbourne:

"WE have the usual fireworks every night, and it is very nice to hear our anti-aircraft fire going up among the Hun planes. In the daytime they generally come in droves looking like flies (some four or five miles up).

"Yesterday one big bunch of some 80-odd bombers and fighters came over and were broken up and chased all over the sky by our Spitfires and Hurricanes.

"I've seen a few houses hit by bombs. In one case, half the house was blown to bits while the people were in the other half and were unhurt.

"At night the searchlights are a remarkable sight, but what we like to see, of course, is a Jerry coming down in flames—which they often do. The other day I was out in a truck with another chap when we saw a parachute coming down, so we followed until we could see where he was going to land.

"We had visions of capturing our first Jerry, but when we finally got up to him there were about 100 others before us, and, anyway, it wasn't a Hun, but one of our own sergeant-pilots.

"He was unhurt, and dashed off to get another plane and go up again."

✣ ✣ ✣

Private R. Howard in Egypt to his wife in Mullaley, N.S.W.:

"IN Tel-Aviv an old English lady came along and asked three of us to go to her home for afternoon tea.

"Of course we went, and had a wonderful cup of tea and a big supply of home-made cakes.

"When we were going she gave us each a small prayer-book.

"Her husband was ninety years of age, but a nice old chap. It was very nice having a talk with them in English after hearing the languages of Jews and Arabs."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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CUPID'S ARROWS *strike our* GLAMOR BOY

Ginger turned over new leaf for New Year

By MAL VERCO and GINGER
Australia's famous entertainers

Imagine my amazement to find Ginger at the office BEFORE me the other morning.

That was a fair sort of staggerer to begin with—but when I saw that his hair was parted — and smelling highly of my last year's hair oil that hadn't been thrown out of the bathroom—I nearly fainted. (Both from the shock and the smell.)

As we reached our third traffic jam, Ginger lifted his hat to a girl passing on the footpath . . .

GINGER'S face was . . . er . . . more peculiar than ever. It had a smirk on it!

"Malsie, old Palsie . . . you must be the first to congratulate me," he said with a sort of lemonade - and - raspberry blush, and a bit of a simper. "It's come to me after all these years. I'm going to marry the sweetest girl in the world . . . I feel like a four-year-old," he twittered. Yes . . . Ginger actually twittered.

"Like a two-year-old, you mean?" I said.

"Two of those things, Mal," he said with a flash of his old spirit.

I could see from the shiny shoes, carefully - pressed clothes, and well - trimmed fingernails that Cupid had done his deadly work, and that the bills from the shoe-black, dry-cleaning house, and manicurist would be along shortly.

However, I felt sentimental towards the lad (fool that I am), and made all the usual congratulatory remarks. Told him that marriage was a grand institution.

Ginger looked startled. "Huh!" he said, with a questioning note.

Off to the wedding

"IT'S a great institution, Ginge," I said heartily.

"But, Mal," he said, *"I don't wanna live in an institution."*

Then he insisted on taking a taxi to the Registry Office right away to arrange for the nuptials. I hung back a bit, but he announced in a firm voice that love had made him turn over a new leaf, and that he would pay for the darned thing anyway. I gave in.

Carefully picking a driver who didn't know him, Ginger said, "To the Registry Office" . . . and off we shot down the street. As we reached our third traffic jam Ginger lifted his hat (a new one, I thought) to a girl passing on the footpath. She stared icily.

"Ginger . . . that girl doesn't even know you," I remonstrated.

"She knows me brother Luke, stoop!" snapped Ginger.

"But why raise your hat to her?"

"It's Luke's hat."

They say love makes the whole world kin. Well, Ginger and the taxi-man were like brothers in about five minutes. Talk about personal questions!

"I s'pose you see a fair bit of romance in your line?" said Ginger.

Dodging quarrels

"NOT so much as I used to," said the taxi - driver guardedly.

"Well," said Ginger, who has an eye for detail, "you'd see a lot more if you put a new rear-vision mirror in" . . .

"What I mean is . . ." replied the driver, "my girl and I have had a bit of a shindy."

Ginger made sympathetic noises—like a chaff-cutter.

"Ever had a real bust-up with a girl?" asked the taxi-driver, slipping in between a fruit barrow and a stationary tram . . . "Ever picked a quarrel . . ."

"Lissen, fella," said Ginger, cutting him off short, "I never picked a quarrel with a girl yet. I have to take the ones THEY pick . . . and be satisfied . . ."

The driver grunted. "I've been going with this 'ere girl for more than 12 years," he said . . .

"Can't you make up your mind whether it's just a passing fancy?" sneered Ginger. "Lissen, fella," he said, breathing down the driver's neck, "what you wanna do is get a book on writing love-letters.

"There's one at 2/6 and one at a bob. How much do you love this girl?"

"I'm only half in love," said the driver, thoughtfully driving up on to the footpath to avoid a dogfight.

"Half in love . . . eh . . . then get the bob book," said Ginger.

By this time I was cowering back in the corner of the seat, twitching with terror, as Ginger and the taxi-driver carried on an animated discussion on their romances.

"Ya know," said the driver expansively, waving both arms to illustrate his point, "love's a grand thing."

The taxi lurched as we missed a baker's cart by a thin alice, and by some freak of fate righted itself.

"Yeah," said Ginger, "Love is the feeling you feel when you feel you're going to feel a feeling you've never felt before."

Bigamy's penalty

THE taxi-driver turned in his seat.

"Boy," he said, steering with one knee, "you've got something there. But don't you go and get married, son. I've been married a coupla times . . . bigamy, boy . . . and ya know the penalty for **that**!"

"Yeah," said Ginger, "TWO MOTHERS-IN-LAW."

I noticed by this time that we were passing the Registry Office, so I leaned over and switched off the engine.

Then I paid.

After promising to write regularly to the driver, Ginger skipped up the steps into the Registry Office. I followed, with a premonition that I wasn't going to like the shape of things to come.

The clerk at the counter was a gloomy chap, with sorrowful eyes, and one of those limp, drooping moustaches that must be an awful bother when you're eating soup.

He took one look at Ginger's smirk. Yes, he was still wearing it. Then he sighted the buttonhole and the pressed pants.

"Huh," said he, "another candidate for matrimony. Serve's you right, I don't like your face, anyway."

"Lissen peasant and stoop," snarled Ginger . . . "another crack like that . . ."

"Fighting talk, huh," said the clerk with a leer. "Easy to see YOU ain't married. Lissen, son . . . go home and think it over. Postpone the wedding bells."

"But it's unlucky to postpone a wedding," said Ginger.

"Not if you KEEP ON POSTPONING IT," said the clerk.

"Get on with the business," said Ginger, "I'm gonna arrange a wedding and nobody's gonna stop me, whaddya thinkyare cutitout and . . ." the clerk gave in. "Name?"

"Ginger."

"Occupation?"

"Doing nothing." (I said).

"Girl's name?"

"Well," said Ginger, "I haven't proposed yet. I've got 12 names in the hat, but I dunno whose gonna be the lucky one yet.".

"Aren't you engaged?" I asked. "What about the engagement ring you showed me a week ago?"

"I was engaged," said Ginger, "but after what SHE did, I'd never marry her in a hundred years."

"What did she do?" asked the clerk, with morbid interest.

"Called it off," said Ginger.

"Oh . . . is that all," said the clerk.

"Yeah—but she sent the ring back in a parcel marked—GLASS—HANDLE WITH CARE!"

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★ ★ ★

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Ring Out The Old

Continued from page 5

JOHN BLAKE was asking her to dance. Good old John, short and stocky, rough-haired, with big black brows. He was a young man in her father's office. She ought to concentrate on John. It was pretty clear to everyone as well as herself that she had lost Peter.

The music was stopping. This was the ten-thirty supper interval. At one o'clock there would be a breakfast for the younger people.

Peter always came for her at supper time. He used to rush up, even if he had a girl with him, and say blithely to her partner, "Hello, there, take care of Meg—I always have this with Joan." It was a custom.

Everyone was going out, getting mixed up in the doorways, and she and John were following. John said, a little uncertainly:

"Well, I suppose we eat now."

And she said brightly:

"I'm starved, aren't you? Isn't it silly?"

Now that the music had stopped, the voices filled the air, and broken sentences fluttered past her. "Did you notice—" "I said to him—" "Now, you can't pretend——"

The older set, and the young married couples, had supper in the dining-room. But Joan's crowd always rushed for the fireplace end of the billiard-room.

Most of them were there now; there were Bill Laughton and Sheila Oakwell, Bridget Brett and George Boardman, the Fielding twins and two men they had visiting them, Jimmie Oakwell and Ellen Westways, Madge Harvey and her rather dull fiance from Eastbourne—they were to be married in June—and Ted Chalmers, Steve Whiting and three or four other men. All the crowd, with the exception of Peter and Dawn.

Somebody said: "Where's Peter?" There was a laugh, and somebody else said, "Turkey, Joan, or salmon and cucumber?" too quickly. They were pitying her, trying to pretend nothing had happened.

She'd get Peter back, she thought hotly. Not for good, but just to show them. She'd be very gay and sweet and provocative to him. This Dawn business had no significance. Or had it? He and Dawn must have been in the library for ages.

Supper was half-way through when those two came. They turned up, actually, hand in hand, and Ted Chalmers cried out:

"Oh, look at the cat who's eaten the canary!"

Joan didn't know whether he meant Peter or Dawn; she thought that both faces wore the same self-conscious, slightly silly look of triumph. But there was a difference—Peter, ruddy, red haired, his blunt nose powdered with freckles, had an air of dazed delight. Dawn was very much the opposite.

She seemed extremely arrogant as she said:

"Shall we tell them, Peter? They are guessing so cleverly."

And Peter, looking out of place in this publicity, said, grinning his engaging grin:

"We've been getting ourselves engaged."

It was a bombshell, nothing less. Joan was stunned. She just stared at them; everyone was staring at them. Then she was conscious that everyone was staring at her . . .

She ought, of course, to have met it with a laugh, with a "Peter, my dear! Have you taken him from me, Dawn?" or any other absurdity that came into her head, but she was too flung off her balance for that quick recovery. The ghastly thing was that they all thought that she cared for Peter. It was only her vanity that cared.

She couldn't think of a thing to say. Except the false, horrible thing she did say.

She would never have said that except for Dawn. Dawn had turned her sleek head towards her, her dark slits of eyes mocking her. She had smiled, a faint, malicious smile, and said, a searing note in her voice: "You don't mind——"

Joan had struck back wildly. And she had found no better thing to strike with than: "Why should I? He found out last night he couldn't have me."

She must have said it well, she thought, for Dawn's face altered; it turned to Peter with swift, hostile interrogation, and Peter, lashed by that look, blurted: "Take that back! I never asked you!"

He was enraged beyond belief; he was no longer grown up, he was a furious small boy, hurling the raw truth at her. She felt her own anger seething within her, but she kept it hidden beneath a desperate smoothness, a feigned sweetness.

"Of course I take it back. I never meant to say it."

"That isn't taking it back. There isn't anything you could say. I never said I wanted you. Last night—I never——"

She thought her heart would choke her. She was aware of irretrievable disaster.

She said: "You never asked me to be engaged to you, Peter. But didn't you want to know how you stood with me? Or did I misunderstand?"

She was afraid that her voice would break, but it didn't, it sounded astonishingly well. She was in a frenzy of shame and sick disgust with herself. She would have given anything she possessed not to have said that. Everyone knew she was lying, knew Peter was speaking the truth.

She didn't care for him, but he might have given her warning about Dawn.

He was saying brutally:

"You didn't have a thing to misunderstand. Speak the truth."

"Speak the truth yourself! You know I told you I was crazy about somebody else——"

But it wasn't good enough. Peter denied it flatly. He said: "You did not!" He challenged: "All right—who is it? Who are you so much in love with?"

She gazed past his furious face. Anne Fielding was staring at them. Hugh Howard was beyond Anne—she hadn't seen him before. She was drawing a crowd. He looked as if he were at a play, a dramatic Greensway melodrama. He looked attentive but slightly amused. He was seeing through her.

Her humiliation was complete. She must look the picture of misery. Her mouth was strained with smiling; her lips seemed to be tied back with string. But her voice was good. She still had it under control.

"I'm not announcing it just yet. I told you that last night. Why bother about it now? I was just relieving Dawn's mind. It's you and Dawn we're to congratulate."

Everyone was hearty, boisterously cheery trying frantically to cover the embarrassing outburst. Ted Chalmers cried: "So you're leaving the ranks, are you? Just another married man!" Bridget Brett, scrambling to her feet, told Dawn nervously: "You mustn't mind Joan. She's only joking," which was pretty clever for Bridget.

Anne Fielding began: "It's marvellous——"

Through the crowd of them Hugh Howard made his way to Joan. There was something very casual, yet very definite in his movements. He said to her: "Where have you been hiding yourself?" And she turned a blind face towards him and said: "Oh, were you looking for me?" He took her arm and led her away.

A STAMP-TAYLOR model in lime-green crepe with broad, corselette waistline and pleated skirt.

It was a wonderful exit. It was unbelievable. Walking beside him, through the billiard-room, where people were standing up, plates in their hands, to see what was happening over by the fireplace, Joan felt the utter unreality of it.

He tilted his blond head intimately close.

"It's Joan Warring, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes." Her voice was vacant, but her mind was seething.

People were looking after them. Hugh Howard and Joan Warring going out together, across the hall, into the empty ballroom. At one end the ballroom led into a sun-parlor, not a frequented room in winter. It was known as the ice chest, because nothing could be done about its draughts. Now the cold air struck pleasantly on Joan's hot cheeks.

She said shakily: "You're rather nice."

He offered her a cigarette and took one himself. Holding the match to hers, he murmured, "You were having a bad time."

"You knew I was lying?"

"Are you sure you want to talk?"

She couldn't help herself. She told him:

"You see, the joke is really on me. I didn't care for him. I'd been fooling myself. I ought to have told him long before, but I didn't want to spoil the Christmas holidays for him. That's funny, isn't it? I was just stupid," she said, bitterly. "I couldn't imagine anyone forgetting me in that way."

She laughed. It wasn't a good laugh—her nerves were ragged—and she decided not to laugh again. She said: "In my simple way I suppose I've been spoiled. And last night—he seemed as usual. I was so used to his being in love with me I never saw—perhaps his mind wasn't made up."

"THIS Cleopatra woman made it up for him tonight. And kept him to it."

"It was her saying 'Do you mind?' that made me mad. But oh, how could I have ever said that?"

She stared out of the window, biting her lips to keep them steady. She said: "It doesn't seem real."

"Why not forget it?" he told her, in his comforting, matter-of-fact voice. "You got away with it."

She straightened at that. Yes, she'd got away with it. They'd think she was keen on Hugh Howard—even if she never was seen with him again. They'd think there had been something going on under cover. They'd smile when they remembered how Dawn had tried to hurt her. They'd feel that Dawn had come off second best.

Later, they'd think that it hadn't worked out between her and Hugh. But that didn't matter—she'd have someone else by then.

She probably couldn't get Hugh Howard, because he wouldn't want what Peter had discarded, but there was no harm in having a shot at him. She opened her evening bag and powdered her nose. Her mirror showed her a sparkling face. She tilted it up towards Hugh.

"Why are you here to-night? Usually we just read about you elsewhere."

"Well—I'm having half a party."

"Half a party——?"

"The girl I was giving it for didn't come," he elaborated casually. "She decided on another place. Wanted me to join her. Clash of wills. I'd already asked some people, so I couldn't change."

He was saying all this so that she'd know there was a girl he gave parties for . . . Those dark blue eyes of his saw through everything. The dream of getting Hugh Howard went out like an electric light bulb. . . . She was staring out of the window so intently that she felt she ought to say something. She said:

"That's your father's factory. Those chimneys are effective at night, against the sky."

"Don't want to look at them. I've got them on my mind."

"The chimneys? Is there something the matter with them?"

He laughed.

"NO, with me . . . They are far too substantial. I've got to make up my mind about them. Whether I'll work there or not, you know."

"Work there? But you're the only son! Don't you like business——?"

"Well, since you ask, Miss Warring——"

His tone was light, but he was frowning, staring out of the window beside her. The room was so cold that their breaths appeared frosty. He said slowly:

"I do and I don't. One part of me does . . . But it's the devil of a grind . . . And there's a pleasant sort of life to be had in London."

His words gave her a queer pang. She said, in a troubled way:

"Your grandfather built those works——"

"Ah yes, old Hugo. I know the arguments . . . Carrying on. The serious citizen. I could do it, too," he declared, with a touch of defiance. "If I don't decide I want to do something else."

She had a pretty shrewd feeling that the girl he'd mentioned wanted London and an easy life. But she heard herself saying:

"If you couldn't do it, that's one thing. Or if you wanted to do something else. But if I were a man and my family had built up something as fine as those works, I'd want to manage them myself; I'd want to be as good as my grandfather. You've got a lot out of them—you owe them something. You can always enjoy life in London later on. People like you are needed!"

"Is that so?"

He was laughing at her; she must seem very absurd, lecturing him on his duty in life. She laughed herself, and said:

"I don't wonder you're amused. You help me out of a disgraceful mess, and I turn round and talk to you like a Dutch uncle . . . And I'm perfectly useless myself. No talents. No nothing. Just scenery."

"Scenery has its uses," Hugh Howard told her. "Perhaps it dances——?"

The music had begun. Couples were drifting back on the floor. On New Year's Eve, even the very old people stayed to see the New Year in.

She had known that he danced beautifully, but she gathered he was surprised at her performance. He said:

"I should have known you danced like this, before," and gave himself up to it.

She murmured:

"I was in your dancing class. You never danced with me—I was one of the little girls. You danced with the older girls like Laura Harvey."

He was laughing again.

"What else do you remember?"

"You were the first to have a car of your own. And you wore a beret when you came back from France. And you brought back another summer, a dog from Ireland bigger than any dog we'd ever seen. I felt so sorry for you when it was run over—I cried about it. I'd had a dog run over, too."

"It's grim, isn't it?"

They talked about their dogs. They talked about real things like that, the last things she'd have imagined talking about with Hugh Howard. He was very simple and direct. He was like a friend, a friend you can be natural and open with . . .

Those thoughts came to her in flashes, as she changed from one pair of arms to another, as she said other trivial things. She saw Peter and Dawn dancing past, glancing away haughtily, and told herself she was glad that she had taken the joy out of their evening.

Yet her defiance had ebbed. A dreadful depression possessed her. She was ashamed. It was an awful feeling. It was going to be an awful feeling to live with—she couldn't triumph over it and forget it. She just wasn't made that way.

Hugh Howard came back to her. He said:

"Fifteen minutes to midnight." Already some far away bells were pealing.

John Blake was dancing past, and she suddenly caught at his sleeve.

"John, do something for me! Get the crowd together—by the fireplace. Everybody that was at supper. Peter and Dawn, too,. Please!"

John's black brows lifted. She urged:

"Please hurry. It's important."

"All right. I'll collect them."

Hugh was looking down at her. She stopped dancing and almost pulled him with her to the billiard-room.

"What's the idea, Joan?" John said when they were all gathered round the fireplace.

Peter and Dawn were coming along slowly; Peter looked belligerent and suspicious, but Dawn's face was mask-like. Languidly, to the world at large, she said:

"More of the same—?" and to Peter she murmured, "You've such an amusing lot of friends, Peter."

Jimmy Oakwell urged:

"Whatever this is all about, hurry it up. It's almost twelve."

Joan's voice was clear and steady:

"I asked you back because the joke had gone far enough. Peter made a nice announcement and I spoiled it . . . There wasn't a thing between us last night. I never told him I was crazy about anybody. I was just trying to hurt."

She drew a long breath.

"It was pretty nasty of me to spoil his evening like that . . . Let's drink the health of Peter and Dawn."

She didn't mean to sound theatrical and she wasn't—she was just forthright. They were all staring at her, but she was past caring what they thought—she knew some of them thought she was mad, others thought she was rather nice, and the rest thought she was just joking. It didn't matter.

Hugh Howard would know she wasn't showing off—not when she was throwing away her pride to make things right . . . She couldn't bear it if he thought that.

John Boles broke the silence with: "Well, that's fine, Joan," in his abrupt way. Peter, reddening to the roots of his hair, stammered:

"Oh, forget it. We were just children, I suppose I——"

"The perfect third act," said Dawn.

"Let's adjourn for the toasts," sung out Ted Chalmers, and there was a swift rush into the dining-room, to the long table. Everybody was glad to be moving, to be doing something to cover their embarrassment. They seized glasses, they clinked them together, they gave toasts.

Someone began to sing, "For he's a jolly good fellow—" and someone else broke in, "There's the bells," as a loud peal swelled up from the town. It was pandemonium.

Joan was swirling in Hugh's arms. There was confetti showering all round her. Balloons were popping all over the room. He bent his head very close to hers.

"A lot of good it did to rescue you."

"Oh, it did. I couldn't bear it then."

"You can't bear it now. You shan't have to."

His voice was strangely warm for a young man who already had a girl.

He said:

"When you stood up against them—I liked your pluck . . . And when you started talking to me about the factory . . . But when you stood up there, and swallowed your pride to set things right——"

His lips were against her ear.

"You're a darling, Joan. Do you mind if I see a lot of you after this?"

There is no uncertainty, she found, when real love strikes home.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Animal Antics

"Out of my way, hors-d'oeuvres!"

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HE who laughs LASTS

"Who do you think you're shoving?"
"I don't know . . . What's your name?"

BARBER: What you think of Mussolini, eh?
CLIENT: The same as you.
BARBER: How you know what I think?
CLIENT: I don't, but you've got the razor.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"I'd like to see some book-ends."
"Happy ones?"

"Sergeant, can a man be punished for something he hasn't done?"
"Certainly not, Private Smith!"
"Well, I haven't cleaned my rifle."

WAITRESS: Sir, you are too fresh.
DINER: Well, that's something new for this restaurant.

MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR WENT LIKE MAGIC!

"I never dared appear in bathing suit or evening dress. I was so ashamed of the ugly hair under my arms and on my arms and legs. I had tried everything—electric needles and smelly pastes. Shaving only made the hair grow faster. I was in despair until a friend told me about New 'VEET'. This dainty cream removed absolutely every trace of hair in 3 minutes. Left my skin soft and velvety-smooth."

Just as shaving turns a youth's downy growth into a stiff, coarse beard, so your unwanted hair grows back thicker and coarser when you use a razor. The up-to-date girl uses the latest discovery of science—New 'VEET'. This dainty, fragrant cream gently dissolves away the hair down below the surface of the skin. Leaves the skin satin-soft, without a trace of stubble—not even a shadow. And actually *weakens growth.* You will be amazed how quick, easy and pleasant it is to remove hair with New 'VEET'. But never apply it where you want hair to grow again. Successful results guaranteed with New "VEET" or money refunded. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"LOOK here," said the captain to the newly-appointed sergeant, "there are men coming into camp night after night after 'Lights out.' It's got to stop!"

A few days later he asked the sergeant whether things had improved. "Oh, yes, sir!" was the reply. "The last man in blows the bugle now!"

"YOU sold me a car two weeks ago."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, tell me again all you said about it. I'm getting discouraged."

"DAD, what are ancestors?"

"Well, my boy, I'm one of your ancestors and your grandfather is another."

"Then why do people brag about them, Dad?"

THE M.O. was examining a country recruit.

"Ever had any accidents?"

"No."

"What's that bandage on your hand?"

"Snake bite."

"Don't you call that an accident?"

"Certainly not. The snake did it on purpose."

GOLFER (hopefully): Notice any improvement since last year?

Caddie: You've had your clubs shined up, haven't you?

DO YOU SUFFER WITH YOUR FEET

If So You Need

Zam-Buk

IF you want to get through the day in comfort—at home or on holiday—you must look after your feet.

The best way to avoid sore, aching feet and swollen ankles is to bathe the feet in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. Do this at bedtime (and morning, if possible), and you will be surprised at the immediate relief you get. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin.

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Corns and hard growths are softened and easily removed; blisters and soreness are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are made comfortable. Start with Zam-Buk to-night and end your foot troubles.

1/6 or 3/6 a tin. All chemists & stores.

Send HIM a Box in your next parcel.

Comfortable feet are essential for our soldiers. There is nothing so soothing as Zam-Buk for aching feet after a tiring march or a long day on duty. Put a box in your next parcel and he will thank you for your thought.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

(Week's Best Release).

Spencer Tracy, Robert Young, Walter Brennan. (MGM.)

HERE, in technicolor, is Kenneth Roberts' best-seller story of early American adventure.

The film deals only with the first half of the book, the story of the amazing trek made by "Rogers' Rangers" during the French and Indian war to wipe out a raiding band of Indians.

The sub-title, "Rogers' Rangers, Book 1," suggests that the rest of the story may be filmed later.

Spencer Tracy has a typical Tracy role in the indomitable Major Robert Rogers who led his band of settlers through miles of hardship and hunger to their goal.

Robert Young plays Langdon Towne, the young artist who joined the settlers to sketch Indians, and Walter Brennan is "Hunk" Marriner, his friend.

The women's roles are slight. Ruth Hussey, as the sweetheart of Langdon Towne, is seen only briefly at start and finish.

Yet the implication of women's part in those stirring early days lies in the incredible endurance of the settlers who made life safe for their wives and families.

King Vidor, whose "Big Parade" brought him fame 15 years ago, has had an enormous task of direction in the scope of the drama and its setting.

The color-setting of the picture alone is worth seeing. The river and lake and forest backgrounds have rarely been matched.

Slow-moving at first, as the rangers start on their long trek, the film works up to a magnificent climax, the battle with the Abenaki Indians. It had the audience on its feet.—St. James; showing.

★★★ 40,000 HORSEMEN

Grant Taylor, Betty Bryant, Chips Rafferty. (Famous Feature Films.)

ADVENTURE of the Light Horse in the last war and romance of an Australian boy and a French girl, this is incomparably the best film to be made in Australia.

It has its faults. Its dialogue hits a stilted patch here and there. Its opening continuity could be better.

As entertainment, however, it is full, colorful stuff, with comedy from lanky Chips Rafferty which is hilariously spontaneous.

Its action scenes are among the finest I have seen on the screen, and here I refer to the charge and battle of Beersheba which raised a censorship storm a couple of weeks ago, but which can now be seen in its entirety.

Its leading players are young, natural, with Grant Taylor a virile, confidently-at-ease hero, and Betty Bryant a lovely heroine. Her voice and her looks—reminiscent of Merle Oberon—are outstanding. Her acting is that of a genuine girl.

Producer-director Charles Chauvel builds on a base of historic fact a story of romance, German intrigue, capture, and escape. The supporting cast, many of them well-known stage players, are outstanding.

All the Light Horse scenes in this film will make you thrill with pride. They are magnificently done—by real Light Horsemen. And its love story, which is blended with the galloping spectacle, has enough attractive youth, humor, and ease to satisfy the most romantic fans.—Mayfair; showing.

★★★ WALT DISNEY FESTIVAL

Five cartoons. (RKO-Radio.)

NAMED a "Festival Programme" by Walt Disney himself, this group of cartoons is headed by "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

Time has not dimmed the enchantment of "Snow White," or the human appeal of the dwarfs. Indeed, on second viewing, "Snow White" eclipses "Pinocchio"—it has that sheer, fairytale quality in which the cartoon medium excels.

The other four cartoons are shorts —"Ferdinand the Bull," the Three Little Pigs in "The Practical Pig," "Donald's Lucky Day," and "The Ugly Duckling."

Of these "Ferdinand the Bull" and "The Ugly Duckling" are Academy Award winners—both taken from famous stories.

Taken as a whole, the programme represents both the versatility and the unique quality of Disney's films. It is a grand idea for holiday entertainment.—Lyceum; showing.

★★ PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, Mary Boland. (MGM.)

A SOLIDLY reliable assembly of featured players supports the two stars, Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier, in the screen play of the Jane Austen classic, "Pride and Prejudice."

Greer Garson is Elizabeth Bennet and Olivier the dashing Mr. Darcy.

Mary Boland adds another flustered-mother part to her varied list with the match-making Mrs. Bennet, who was determined by hook or by crook to marry off her five daughters.

Mr. Bennet, who used to retire sardonically to his library in tempestuous moments of these drawing-room battles, is done by Edmund Gwenn.

The result is an entrancing comedy, pointing the fact that Miss Austen's characters are as vital today as they were in 18th century drawing-rooms.

Mary Boland is perhaps a little overdone. That could be said of no one else. Edna May Oliver, as the redoubtable Lady Catherine, though she verges on the burlesque, is perfect.—Liberty; showing.

★★ THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton, William Gargan. (RKO.)

CAROLE LOMBARD has a change from her usual light-hearted roles in this version of Sidney Howard's Pulitzer Prize play.

As Amy, a waitress in a cheap San Francisco cafe, she becomes the centre of a turbulent triangle drama.

Charles Laughton, as Tony, a rich vineyard-owner, sees Carole on a trip to 'Frisco, admires her unknown to her. He has money and he wants a wife; he sends a letter of proposal.

Carole wants money. She accepts. Laughton becomes afraid of the shock to her of his unattractive appearance, sends his foreman (William Gargan) to meet her.

Complications ensue, making a story unusually frank in these Hays-office-governed times.

Laughton is superb. He has not done so skilful and sincere a job for years. But he is rivalled by William Gargan, as the foreman. Carole Lombard is appealing; Frank Fay, as the padre, is grand in his brief scenes. Rich in human comedy as well as tension, "They Knew What They Wanted" has just one big reservation—its adult theme. I wonder what the censor was doing? —Century; showing.

★ TOO MANY GIRLS

Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, Richard Carlson. (RKO.)

RKO presents newcomer Desi Arnaz in a film version of the Broadway musical comedy.

It cleaves closely in presentation and photography to the stage technique.

The production is full of colorful spectacle and tunes—and dances which are well above the average.

Desi Arnaz has the looks and the promise, and shows his prowess on a conga drum.

Richard Carlson shares the romantic lead with Lucille Ball, and the rest of the cast match Lucille for exuberant youth.

Eddie Bracken's comedy and the music compensate for the artificial presentation.—Century; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **The Great Dictator.** Charlie Chaplin in superb satire on Hitler. Plaza; 2nd week.

★★★ **The Thief of Bagdad.** Conrad Veidt, Sabu in spectacular Arabian Nights fantasy. — Regent; 2nd week.

★★★ **Rhythm on the River.** Bing Crosby, Mary Martin in tuneful modern musical.—Prince Edward; 2nd week.

★★ **Spring Parade.** Deanna Durbin, Robert Cummings in attractive musical romance.—State; 3rd week.

★★ **The Blue Bird.** Shirley Temple in fantasy for children.—Embassy, 3rd week.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

IT looks as though the next Greta Garbo picture will be postponed for an indefinite period. The Swedish star will soon set off with Dr. Gaylord Hauser and group of friends on a yachting trip. They will head for Nassau, where they will be the guests of Sir Charles and Lady Mendl.

Perhaps when Greta returns from her holiday she'll get down to the business of picture-making once more. MGM has a couple of stories on her schedule, but they are evidently not ready for production yet.

* * *

CHARLES BOYER has finally selected his next picture job. He will co-star with Margaret Sullavan in Universal's remake of "Back Street." Boyer will make "Hold Back the Dawn" for Paramount.

ANNA NEAGLE put Roland Young temporarily out of commission by inadvertently kicking him in the face during a scene for "No, No, Nanette." Anna had to faint and fall across the arm of a chair while Young rushed forward to catch her. They simply missed the timing, and, as Roland bent down, the heel of Miss Neagle's shoe contacted his nose. He had to go home for the rest of the day.

* * *

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX is hoping that Dean Jagger will sign a new contract. The actor, who is now working in "Hudson's Bay," received enough fan-mail after his appearance in "Brigham Young" to warrant his staying permanently in Hollywood. Jagger himself would prefer to return to the stage for at least part of the year.

Incidentally, Jagger created a personal record in "Brigham Young," working for 133 days before the cameras. This eclipses even Vivien Leigh's record in "Gone With the Wind."

* * *

NORMA SHEARER'S romance with George Raft is definitely a thing of the past. It was impossible for George to get a divorce, and Norma did not feel they could continue on a basis of friendship. She has gone to New York for a holiday.

* * *

GREER GARSON is completely different off-screen from what she is on. Off screen she is the exotic glamor girl, with her red hair, slim figure, beautiful clothes. You would never suspect the womanly, homely charm she reveals when she faces the camera.

AFTER five years in Hollywood, Rosalind Russell played her first serious, romantic love scene while making the film, "This Thing Called Love," with Melvyn Douglas. In her first pictures, Rosalind was always the "heavy," standing around glaring while the heroine handled the romantic moments.

Later she went through the helter-skelter comedy cycle, and even in her more dramatic roles in "Night Must Fall" and "The Citadel" there was nothing resembling an ardent love scene.

* * *

THE reason why Bette Davis is rolling her own cigarettes these days is that she must learn the art by the time she goes into her next picture, Diners at the Brown Derby were watching her with interest as she tried to seal the tobacco in the cigarette paper this week.

* * *

KAY FRANCIS is becoming one of Hollywood's busiest actresses. She has just finished "Little Men," and has exactly five days off before starting work in "Debutantes, Inc." The five days will be spent in the RKO wardrobe department getting fittings of the twenty-odd costumes she wears in the new film.

Ends Hot Burning Feet in 3 Seconds!

2,000-Year-Old Foot Secret Now Bringing Quick Relief and Lasting Comfort to Present-day Foot Sufferers.

Just 3 seconds is all the time it now takes to bring coolness and comfort to hot, burning, aching feet . . . rub in Frostene, new magic foot creme containing frankincense and myrrh—precious healants used by ancient desert kings to soothe feet tortured by the fiery heat of desert sands. To-day these same fragrant, penetrating, antiseptic unguents will soothe and cool your feet during the hot summer days that now cause burning, aching and swelling.

See how this delicious white Frostene cream vanishes into the skin, feel how quickly it eases inflamed congested nerves and tissues, reduces swelling, and deodorises and neutralises poisonous acid sweat.

Get a generous magic-acting tube of Frostene from your chemist to-day. Greaseless, stainless. Rub into feet night and morning—and enjoy the comfort of cool, refreshed feet all through the longest summer day.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

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Try the GOVERNA BELT AT OUR RISK —in seven days your waistline will be 3ins. smaller — 3ins. of strain and bulge gone —or NO COST. Write for full details of FREE TRIAL OFFER and Illustrated Folder. Mention this paper. GOVERNA BELT CO., 241-243 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

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★THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON YOUR HAIR!

Hair is fashion news! Today your hair MUST be beautiful and exquisitely groomed.

Try one bottle of Barry's Tri-coph-erous and see how it keeps your hair silken-soft, easy to manage and gleaming with lovely highlights.

Use Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stop Falling Hair, Dandruff, Premature Greyness, Dry or brittle hair, Over-oily or itching scalp.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

FAMOUS HAIR TONIC AND DRESSING
Sold by all Chemists & Stores. 3/- bottle.

Pale, Anaemic, Pimply Skin

SPOILT YOUNG GIRL'S LOOKS

"My skin was pimply and I suffered from headaches and anaemia," states Miss S.N., of Thebarton, Adelaide. "About a year ago I started to lose energy and could not sleep at night and became properly run-down.

"My mother advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am delighted with the results. I have no headaches now and my skin is clear. I sleep soundly, wake up refreshed in the mornings, feel much happier, and have greater energy."

Users of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills genuinely say that these famous tonic Pills are wonderfully beneficial and strengthening for the whole system, because they supply new, rich Blood to the starved nerves, organs and tissues. That is why nervous ailments and anaemic miseries rapidly vanish, the skin becomes clear, nerves gain strength, new energy appears. If you are off-colour, or have a sallow, pimply skin, do not hesitate — take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now. At chemists and stores—the results will gratify you.***

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO.

Essential to hair health!

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write E. G. Turnley & Son, 266 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

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THEY PICK FACES TO FIT FILMS

FROM JOHN B. DAVIES IN NEW YORK

YOU can get an idea of what your entertainment for 1941 will be like by the type of girls who have just been given movie contracts.

Beauty, of course, is always a consideration, but the studios have picked their girls to fit the 1941 films.

Two blondes, Elyse Knox, at Twentieth Century-Fox, and Elaine Shepherd, at RKO, seem destined to play sophisticated, modern roles. Until now neither has done much more for the screen than pose for publicity stills. Both certainly know how to wear clothes, for they were photographic models in New York.

Another RKO "discovery," Mary Howard, was also an advertising model. But this dark-haired young woman is more likely to play her part in serious drama. She has already appeared on the screen as Ann Rutledge in the biography "Abe Lincoln of Illinois."

Musicals, as you know, will take up space on the screen this year. For their dancers and singers the studios have gone to the stage and the radio.

Well known on Broadway, small, blonde Grace MacDonald was tried out last year, quite successfully, too, in "Dancing on a Dime."

Paramount's brunette Lillian Cornell was a singer on the Chicago radio. Lillian started off on the screen in a very small way—a brief song and dance in "Buck Benny Rides Again." But she has quite an important part in "Rhythm on the River."

It will be interesting to see whether Lillian will fulfil her studio's expectations or fade into oblivion like Frances Langford, another one of Hollywood's musical hopes.

The stage has yielded two "straight" actresses for the 1941 screen.

English Elizabeth Earl, discovered by Warners in the West End production of "Gaslight in London," will make her debut in "The Letter."

Twenty-four-year-old Dana Dale was playing in stock when she was invited to take a screen test for the role of Scarlett O'Hara. Now she's at Warners—and engaged to Jeffry Lynn.

There is, of course, a new ingenue, Ann Baxter, who appeared in "Twenty Mule Team" and "The Great Profile," is just the right demure type to handle those strictly debutante romances.

● INGENUE: Ann Baxter, Twentieth Century-Fox newcomer, has already begun her movie career. You saw her in Barrymore's "The Great Profile."

● SOPHISTICATE—OR BLONDE MENACE: Twenty-two-year-old Elyse Knox, an ex-advertising and photographic model, who is used to the cameras.

● MUSICAL RECRUIT: Lillian Cornell, whose latest film is "Rhythm on the River."

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CHIP OFF the OLD BLOCK

TIM HOLT, SON OF EX-COWBOY JACK, IS STAR OF NEW WESTERN SERIES

By Joan McLeod, in Hollywood

● LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON: Tim Holt, son of Jack, former Western hero, will star in cowboy films for RKO. He is shown above with Martha O'Driscoll, who is his leading lady in "Wagon Train" and "Sir Piegan Passes." Tim himself raised and trained the horse he rides.

THE tall, brown-eyed son of Jack Holt, who was the virile hero of a hundred early Western sagas, has taken over his father's old job for good.

Tim Holt has signed a contract with RKO to star in a series of six Western films. This is part of a plan to make him into a big-time cowboy star.

He has already begun work on his first, "Wagon Train."

Father Holt, who left Westerns some years ago, is now playing hero in adventure thrillers and melodramas.

Ever since he was a small boy Tim has idolised his father. He grew up on his father's ranch, where he was taught to ride almost as soon as he could walk, and no objection was ever raised to his screen career.

Jack Holt saw that Tim had a good education—at Culver Military Academy, among America's best colleges—and every opportunity of choosing his own job in life.

WHEN Tim graduated from school he came home to Hollywood and announced he wanted to be an actor. Jack was well satisfied. The screen had been—and still is—a pleasant, lucrative job for him: why not for Tim, too?

The graduation of Tim into Western roles was inevitable—after all, he and his father have the same love of the outdoors and horses, the same riding skill.

Jack has his famous horse ranch in Hidden Valley, plays polo with the best of them to this day.

And Tim has his own ranch in the San Fernando, trains his own string of polo ponies, and in his early twenties is already rated one of the best polo players of the West.

He was a member of the team which recently represented the screen stars against the producers in their annual charity battle.

Jack is looking forward with delight to Tim's Western career—and wondering if his boy can beat his 1915 skill of riding a horse from a thirty-foot cliff into deep water.

TIM, in his turn, has no regrets for the variety of roles which have hitherto marked his screen career. He made his debut—if you remember—in Barbara Stanwyck's "Stella Dallas."

He certainly enjoyed being Ginger Rogers' leading man in "Fifth Avenue Girl"; with competence he played the police recruit in "Swift Vengeance," a military college student in "Spirit of Culver," an army lieutenant in "Stagecoach," a gambler in "The Girl and the Gambler."

But he is his father's son; a love of swift action is inherent in his blood; his new ten-gallon hat, spurred boots and shooting-irons are to him his proudest possessions.

And, who knows, the Holts may found a new dynasty, a Western dynasty, in screen entertainment. For there is a third Holt on the scene—Tim's own son, just a year old, who is never so happy as when being carried shoulder-high around his young father's ranch.

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• Recognise her? She is RKO's Kitty Foyle at 15.

• Brunette in her most recent film, "Lucky Partners" (as above), Ginger played a sophisticated comedy role.

GINGER ROGERS as KITTY FOYLE

IN ORDER TO PRESENT THE LIFE OF A MODERN BUSINESS GIRL SHE REVERTS TO NATURAL COLORING

From Christine Webb in Hollywood

I WONDERED what the red-headed schoolgirl was doing on the RKO set of "Kitty Foyle." She was obviously in the film—her knee-length middy suit, blue coat with brass buttons, and blue-ribboned pigtails were certainly not 1940 wear. But the youngster was a stranger to me.

"Who's that?" I demanded of RKO's publicity man. He threw back his head and roared with laughter. "Don't you know her? That's Ginger Rogers!"

I had to see for myself and, even after five minutes of talking to her, she was still almost unrecognisable. I knew the voice, I knew the eyes—that's all.

"It takes them an hour every morning to make me look like this," twinkled Ginger, "and it's rather uncanny to look in the mirror and see myself 13 years younger!"

As far as she can remember, she had a middy-suit herself in those days. It was trimmed with white braid, too, and she felt mighty proud of it.

The grown-up Ginger Rogers is feeling "mighty proud" to-day for another reason. As soon as she read Christopher Morley's best-seller some 14 months ago, she thought . . . "I want to play Kitty Foyle more than anything else in life."

Ginger felt a curious sympathy with Kitty, a working girl — or business girl if you like that better —who looks back on her life in the late 20's, and the 30's, and tells her story to her readers.

Luckily, RKO saw Ginger as Kitty Foyle too — and, against spirited competition, bought the best-seller for her, as a super Christmas box, in December, 1939.

But Kitty could not be brought to the screen straight away. Ginger had to make "Lucky Partners"; then she had to have a holiday; then—and quite important this—she had to change back from a brunette to her own bright-haired self.

Ginger's fans did not like the star being dark-haired for "The Primrose Path," and spoke their mind about it in many hot letters. The star herself preferred to remain a brunette for "Lucky Partners." She declared that it fitted in more with the story.

But, when I asked her how she liked being back to red hair, she declared that she felt more like herself. "After all, I was not nicknamed Ginger for nothing!"

The most exciting aspect of "Kitty Foyle" was, however, the opportunity it gave Ginger to meet author Christopher Morley himself.

Accompanied by RKO's producer, David Hempstead, Ginger flew to New York to discuss with Mr. Morley the studio script of the novel—and Kitty herself.

RKO in the meantime set about finding the right leading man.

Many young actors were mentioned—William Holden, Richard Greene, and Richard Carlson; many were tested, too. But in the end RKO presented a surprise selection, Dennis Morgan was borrowed from Warner Bros. An actor, a singer, and an engaging personality, young Dennis has in the last year or so won amazing popularity among the fans.

He and Ginger make an ideal team in the unusual love story of Kitty Foyle.

When you see Kitty Foyle on the screen, however, remember that her film interpretation depends largely upon Ginger herself. The star attended all the conferences which preceded the picture. She had the last word on Kitty's appearance—so that she mirrored the dress, manners, and customs of the "white-collar girls" who, in their millions, fill shops and offices.

"It was terribly important that the effect I achieved be 'un-movie,'" explained Ginger to me. "And I think I have succeeded."

• Redhead again in her next film, "Kitty Foyle" (right), Ginger brings to the screen the business girl heroine of Christopher Morley's best-selling modern novel.

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1 **ONE OF FIVE SISTERS,** Elizabeth Bennet (Greer Garson) attracts haughty visitor, Darcy (Laurence Olivier), displeasing Miss Bingley (Frieda Inescort).

2 **PROPOSED** to by the stupid Mr. Collins (Melville Cooper), the lively Elizabeth promptly rejects him.

3 **HYSTERICALLY** disappointed, vulgar Mrs. Bennet (Mary Boland) laments to Jane (Maureen O'Sullivan), Elizabeth, Mr. Bennet (Edmund Gwenn).

4 **DARCY'S** friend Bingley (Bruce Lester) falls deeply in love with the sweet and gentle Jane Bennet.

5 **BUT THE FOLLY** of the younger Bennet sisters, Lydia and Kitty (Heather Angel, Ann Rutherford), a pair of men-chasing flirts, alarms Darcy.

6 **ELIZABETH** overhears Darcy denouncing to Bingley her sisters' outrageous conduct at a military ball, and is infuriated by his references to the common Bennet group.

KAYSER too, is flying high! High in quality—style and wear—only prices are still way down! Step out smartly in sturdy KAYSER Service Sheers! Dance in the tantalising transparency of Mir-O-Kleer Sheers!

And do get acquainted with the practical Twyn-Sylks.

Have you seen Kayser's two new "TWYN-SYLK" Economy Stockings? 101X Service Weight 102X Service Sheer both only 4/11 pair

Pure Silk Mir-o-Kleer Sheers and Super Sheers, 5/11 to 9/11

7 **BROKEN-HEARTED JANE** suddenly receives a cold note from Miss Bingley announcing the departure of her brother from the county.

8 **REALISING** Darcy is responsible for her sister's broken romance, Elizabeth takes a bitter dislike to him.

HE WAS PROUD
...*and she was prejudiced!*

9 **WHEN DARCY,** declaring he cannot help himself, bursts into professions of love for her, her outrage knows no limit.

☆☆☆☆
From
JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood.
☆☆☆☆

A COMEDY of a lively miss and a haughty gentleman—she was prejudiced and he was proud—Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" has been brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Norma Shearer was at first to play the heroine, Elizabeth Bennet, whose pert wit is that of the modern girl, MGM changed its mind after British Greer Garson had won the world in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips."

There was never any doubt, however, that English Laurence Olivier would play Darcy. Although Jane Austen wrote her sparkling story well over a century ago, she described Mr. Olivier's appearance down to the last glance—he is as suited for the role as Clark Gable was for Rhett Butler.

Here in Hollywood there was considerable speculation as to who would play the four other Bennet girls. In case you don't know, "Pride and Prejudice" takes Elizabeth and her sisters through the business of finding husbands—which was so enormously important in 1820.

The two charming sisters—Elizabeth and Jane—were played in the end by Greer, of course, and Maureen O'Sullivan.

The two frivolous sisters, spoilt by their foolish mother, were given to British Heather Angel and American Ann Rutherford. In fact, Ann has the more important role, since she is Kitty, the sister who runs away with the adventurer-officer Wickham, brings scandal upon her family—but is, in the end, oddly responsible for Elizabeth's accepting Darcy.

You will be interested to know that a young Australian, Edward Ashley, plays Wickham—his first Hollywood role. He made such a success of it that he has since been cast in "Sky Murder" and the Eddy-MacDonald film "Bitter Sweet."

The bookworm Bennet sister, Mary, who was roundly snubbed by all the family, but kept her own vast sense of her own importance, went to the youngest pure character actress in the world.

Off the screen Marsha Hunt is a beautiful, slim, well-groomed creature in her early twenties. On the screen she is anything from a neurotic middle-aged woman to the plain and bespectacled Mary, with her dangling corkscrew curls.

"Pride and Prejudice" is responsible, too, for bringing back into the limelight two popular veteran actresses—Mary Boland and Edna May Oliver.

Mary plays Mrs. Bennet, that foolish, complaining woman whose one aim in life is to find good, rich husbands for her five girls—and who gets no help from her indolent, sarcastic husband, portrayed by English Edmund Gwenn.

Edna May Oliver is the pompous Lady Catherine de Burgh, who accuses Elizabeth of scheming to marry Darcy, and gets beautifully snubbed for her pains.

To bring this 1820 comedy to the screen, MGM employed the full resources of its research department and its technicians.

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On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

• *FESTIVE SEASON . . . so Ruth Wilson and Vernon Baynes celebrate by dancing at Prince's. Ruth wears attractive pink toque.*

• *BONNIE FIELD cuts a piece of Christmas cake for Bandsman Clarence O'Brien . . . at St. Andrew's canteen.*

• *ATTRACTIVE country visitors Sheila Bell, of Goulburn (left), and Jane Mills, of Quirindi, at Theatre Royal matinee.*

• *SERIOUSLY little Celia Lee and Josie Dillon face the camera at party held at Rose's for evacuee children.*

And so we celebrate . . .

CITY seems to have discarded that worried frown it has worn for months, and decided that the end of 1940 is a very good reason for celebration.

Don my festive garments and drop in at Prince's and Romano's . . . find whole town has same idea. Soldiers everywhere. In fact, nearly every man in uniform. And nearly every woman in cool, crisp white.

Alison Adams an exception in blue floral taffeta . . . but her escort, Leo Cook, is in immaculate white uniform. They have a table for two at Romano's. Also in white and dancing at Romano's are Molly Brearley, gold sequin motifs sparkling at shoulders, Vena Fuller, Mrs. Harry Hodson, Dod Falkiner, Pam Walker, and Eve Playfair, lovely in satin-striped crepe, dancing with brother Peter.

White, too, for Mollie Oxenham . . . in party at Prince's given by group of handsome young Pioneer officers on leave from Cowra. Arthur Porter among them.

The Malcolm Mackellars dine a deux . . . Mrs. M. in swathed pale blue turban to match crepe jacket.

Family party . . . the Bryce Morris' and the Frank Thompsons, of Muswellbrook . . . Blue Thompson sporting mass of stephanotis at shoulder of silver lame gown.

Holiday-time . . .

TERRIGAL is where you'll find Mrs. Cuthbert Verge and sons Jimmy and John during school holidays.

Marjorie Allison is sunbaking at Whale Beach.

Mrs. Tony Edgell and young son Robert have joined Edgell family party at Bathurst. Another family party . . . the Guy Antill Pockleys at Tarago.

Jean O'Neil has temporarily deserted V.A.D. and transport work for festive season at station home, Yarrangah.

Home again . . .

THERE'S a family reunion of McDonalds and Marks'. Sheila McDonald (Mrs. Bill Wills) and her cousin Hulda Marks (Mrs. Tiny Reid) arrived home at week-end for the duration . . . d'you remember they went to Brisbane for holidays and married soon afterwards? This is their first time home since the wedding—Sheila's was eight months ago, and Hulda's only a few weeks.

Mrs. Wills is staying with her mother, Mrs. H. L. McDonald, of Mosman, and Mrs. Reid with her parents, the Frank Marks', of Fullerton Road, Woollahra.

Did you know? . . .

SUZANNE TRAILL heads list of New Year brides . . . weds barrister Forbes Officer on January 2. No bridesmaids . . . quiet morning ceremony to be followed by family party at Redleaf.

Misses Molly and Marcia Bowyer-Smith hope to celebrate New Year by moving into lovely new home at Moss Vale.

Melbourne visitors the David Campbells (she was Bonny Lawrance) here for ten days' surfing. And the Arthur Crofts, who have suite at Hotel Manly.

Mrs. John Chapman, daughter Betty, sons Austin and John arrived from Melbourne to make home in Sydney again.

Budding lawyer to wed . . .

"ANY exam. is better than this," gasps Beatrice McGirr when I meet her in midst of trousseau shopping and Christmas festivities. Bea weds Dr. Tom Bateman on January 30. She has just finished third-year law at the Varsity . . . already has M.A. degree . . . but says exams. are child's play after coping with wedding details and guest list of 200.

Full bridal array and three maids are bride-elect's choice. She will be attended by Lorraine See and sisters Pat and Gwen McGirr. Host of pre-wedding parties begin early in New Year.

Bea is considering returning to the Varsity next year to finish her law course. The just-married Mrs. John Bleachmore (Mary Williams) also may return to do her final year.

Kettled in . . .

DIN in Cranbrook Road disturbs quiet of Rose Bay on Sunday evening . . . it's a "kettling party" for the Henry Sharps, just back from their honeymoon.

After Henry and Joan are "kettled in," everyone goes indoors and gets first glimpse of super furnishings . . . beautiful old mahogany, wine carpets, crystal-green brocade upholstery and curtains. Bright red bath takes my eye.

Joan's bridal attendants, Elizabeth Sharp and Noppy Money, the Michael Terrys, Molly Brearley and Barbara Davies among the kettlers.

Breaking into verse . . .

MY Yuletide mail includes "A Few Poems" by Miriam Edwards . . . or pianist Miriam Hyde, as she is better known in musical world. Miriam has had sixteen of her poems, written in England and Australia, printed as a booklet.

They are delightful verses, with names which especially linger . . . "Rosemary Smoke," "Winter Willow Music," "Where Have the Witches Gone?" The "Rhus Bush" is dedicated to Kittie Traill.

One, "Cesar Franck in D Minor," was written after Miriam appeared as solo pianist with Dr. Malcolm Sargent.

Miriam is staying with her family in Adelaide . . . her husband, Marcus Alexander, is in A.I.F.

Heard around town . . .

PETER GWYNNE are names chosen by the Alfred Morgans for small son and heir. Mrs. Morgan formerly Alice Nall.

Bruce Sinclair Smith celebrated coming of age with party at Prince's . . . entertained other third-year med. students. Guests include also Mrs. Mick Kater, Mrs. Greg Kater, Diana Walker, Jocelyn Poynter.

And seen . . .

ADDING color to Palm Beach gaieties . . . Juanita Lee Brown (Mitty to most of us) in heavy sea-shell necklace from Paris, mauve jumper, and grey slacks . . . Roger Barry in bright Hawaiian shorts, blue shirt.

Mrs. Bill Hall (formerly Rita Nugent) paying calls at Darling Point on Christmas morning—wearing a gas mask. She has whooping-cough.

• *SHIRLEY POYNTER, in drifting blue tulle, shares toast with Dr. Dick Stafford at reception after wedding of Mary Jensen and Dr. Tim Rowlands.*

• *GAILY DANCING . . . Rodney Moir is partnered by Frank Smith at cocktail party held to raise funds for Home Comforts Club.*

• *PICKING WINNERS. Jill Roberts and her mother, Mrs. Wynn Roberts, are advised a likely winner by Private Alec Macleod, at Randwick races.*

• *GLADYS MONCRIEFF smiles as she arrives at Noel Coward matinee at Theatre Royal. Mrs. Ernest Lashmar is looking over Gladys' shoulder.*

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Pictures in the Fire

Continued from page 7

THE shabby apartment room was full of white flowers. The baby looked like a little wax doll in a satin-lined box. Luella knelt beside it—she needed no glycerine to help her with the tears.

One comfort she had. If it had lived she knew it would have been the most beautiful child in the world. There would never be another one quite like it. The soft silk fluff on its head was dark. The eyebrows were marked and fine.

Was it likely she was going through that scene again, in make-believe? A film version of her own heartbreak? Not for anything.

The song was ended, but the melody lingered on. Sleepless nights, bogy infested. If I had been able to do a little more for him. If I had looked after him myself this might not have happened. Any mother will catch the lilt of this tune!

It was at this time she found Lilli. Lilli, fresh from a spot of trouble of her own. It was said she had been in prison. Luella did not care. She did not care about anything. She was broken and finished. She ate nothing until Lilli came, and made her.

"You, perhaps, will die, Madam, but as for me I need nourishment," said Lilli. When the omelette was before her Luella ate it, one elbow on the table, her head on her hand.

She sat in the studio, hunched up, apart. The round soft curves of her face had gone. Her eyes were shadowed, and she no longer took any trouble over her make-up. She didn't care that, for one short appearance, her fair hair had had to be darkened to a drab, lustreless brown. She had nothing to work for now, anyway.

Lilli made her sandwiches to take to the studio with her. She was sitting one day with the packet open, not eating them. Just staring in front of her and thinking of the baby, and how beautiful he would have been now.

She did not even hear the boss come in. The boss, and the great Karduza himself. She wore an old blouse all bunched up, and an old black skirt that drooped everywhere.

She didn't even notice that the great man had stopped to look at her until he spoke.

"Tell that girl to come along for a test at four." And then he turned to the boss, and laughed. "You go looking over the wide world for someone that's sitting under your very nose. Sitting, staring at a packet of sandwiches."

They made her sign a contract. She was not to marry. Married stars lose their appeal. She signed it light-heartedly. She had not heard of Ed Stevens since he left her on their wedding day, and she did not expect to hear of him again. He had faded into the shadows whence he came.

Loose news sheets blown over the screen disclosing headlines . . . Luella Grey, Karduza's new star . . . Fame in a night . . . Small town girl joins stars . . . Karduza says "My Greatest Find."

Then the music changes. Changes from a gay refrain to those grim chords in a minor key used to signify coming disaster.

Out of the shadows emerges a common lodging house, and in an upper room two men sitting at a table covered with papers. Newspapers of every kind, and looking out of all of them the laughing face of Luella in her first picture. Luella, in a blue satin frock, looped with lace flounces and ribbons, that she wore in a period picture. Luella, smiling out of a bower of roses.

"Looks like you had a real stroke of luck at last, Ed," said the man with his back to the camera, whose face we cannot see.

Ed Stevens laughed.

"Buddy," he said. "I sure have."

The new apartment, luxurious beyond her wildest dreams. Lilli, in black silk and organdie, still very much Lilli, faithfulness personified, worried, scheming.

"You have signed this contract. It is not good things should be so. You must find him. Then the marriage can be ended, quietly, quietly. He was so nice a young man. He will understand how it is. Perhaps, if they find out, there might be trouble, and you have had trouble enough, Madam."

They didn't have to bother about finding him. He found them. He found them in her new apartment, full of flowers and sweets, and fan mail. She was standing beside the fire, pulling on white gloves, prepared to go out. There were red, red roses in a big bowl on the writing table. (To this day she turned faint at the scent of red roses.)

She turned and stared at him, not recognising him. He had changed a great deal. His features had coarsened, his mouth was slack, and he was down at heel and shabby. There was the mark of a cut on his lip. She made to ring the bell, frightened, but he stopped her.

"What do you want?" she asked.

He laughed.

"What do I want? Gee, Luella, what do you think I want? You're my wife, aren't you?"

Then she knew him.

Lilli's horrified face, behind him, in the door.

He had lived on her ever since.

The allowance she had to make him, to hold his tongue, was of ever-growing proportions. There was no end to his demands. The woman pays, thought Luella bitterly.

The woman looked like going on paying. And it was almost comic, because it was all for nothing. For nothing whatever. It was like one of those pictures you have to laugh at, though there is a lump in your throat and your eyes are wet.

There were times she felt like daring him to do his worst. But she was afraid. Work meant a lot to her now. She was committed to a new and expensive way of life. Besides, she was not sure how she stood over signing that contract. She had had enough trouble, so she paid.

The English contract came as a surprise three years ago. She sailed at twenty-four hours' notice. Lilli, stouter, a trifle more grey, packed against time, rejoicing loudly.

"But it is the dispensation of Providence. Now, we have shaken that one off. Here he cannot come with his demands. Done. Finished. Zut!"

"Don't let that notion start building under your hairdressing," said Luella, patiently. "Little Ed will be right along."

It looked as if she was wrong. Wonderfully, mercifully, they heard nothing of him at all. Her first contract completed, she signed another. She was only too glad to stay away. The peace of it was rejuvenation. Sometimes a little wild hope stirred in her heart. Perhaps he had fallen in love with somebody else. Perhaps he was dead!

Was it wicked of her to hope he was dead? God would perhaps understand.

She was happier than she had been for a long time. Nothing mattered much. Nothing could hurt her any more. She did little besides work, and occasional parties, few of which she enjoyed. She rarely got the old heartache, except when physical weariness opened the gates to memory. And then that nice Dr. Barlow from Number 9 would give her a tonic and a sleeping draught.

Sometimes she wondered, looking at him, how much Dr. Barlow guessed. Doctors are clever. They read more than their patients' declared symptoms, she knew. Sometimes there was an expression in his eyes when he looked at her, as if he knew something about her. Once, when the black despair was on her, she nearly broke down and told him. There was something so nice about him. Something so gentle and kind.

SHE had learned her lesson. There is no man in this wide world to be trusted. She kept quiet.

Only once, lately, had she broken down and cried. That was when a little nursing sister approached her at Christmas time, and asked if she had any children's clothes to give away. Little dark pants, she said, for boys. One might so easily have had now little flannel suits, and cricket shirts. School caps and long blue trousers.

She kept remembering the little woman, as she dressed for the Gardullas' party on Christmas night. Her eyes had been so quiet, her face so sweet. She had no life of her own, but lived only for others, and to make other people happy. That was the real way to find peace.

Luella had a new frock for that party. A dream frock, made of silver lace. It looked like a cobweb picked from a September hedgerow, spangled with dew. It was one of the prettiest frocks she had ever had. Lilli stood, her hands thrown up in admiration.

"So beautiful is Madam. And to think it is all wasted. There should be some man to see you and to adore. Some man to follow you to this world's end, worshipping. That it should be gaspille—wasted."

Luella said softly:

"Don't be silly, my little cabbage. No one has a more faithful husband than I. No one knows it better than you!"

"That one!" said, Lilli, shocked, apprehensive, as if the very mention of him might bring him to them over the great Atlantic, and start him pulling at the door-bell. "Breathe not his name, Madam. Nightly I pray that he is dead."

She wrapped the crimson velvet cloak about Luella's shoulders. She put the finishing touches to her beautiful hair.

"Madam is still young . . . Madam is very beautiful. Somewhere there must be someone, waiting . . ."

A motor car went slowly down the avenue. It was only Dr. Barlow returning from a hard case at the other end of the town. The poor end. He had told Luella about it that morning when she met him. She thought, pitifully: "Poor man. What a way to spend Christmas Day!"

She kissed Lilli gently.

"What a romantic old baggage you are," she said.

She went to the Gardullas' party.

Snow fell softly over the avenue. Snow, pure and clean and white, blotting out familiar landmarks. Music from the party filled the air. Lilli listened to it for a bit, out of the window. Then she pulled down the blind and locked up the house and put her hair into curl pins. Even if one is not beautiful one must do what one can.

In the darkness she yawned once or twice, inelegantly, comfortably. When one lives alone, one pleases oneself. She tossed about for a while, uneasy, she could not say why, dreaming scraps of dreams, and then waking, to dream again. Then at last she fell asleep.

Long after midnight she awoke to a sound below. She got up, thinking at first it was Luella come back. But her watch told the time—a quarter to one—and she knew it was too early for that. She listened. The sound came again. She girt her woollen dressing-gown about her middle with its woollen cord, and picked up a stout poker. Burglars were one of her particular nightmares. She was forever expecting them. Newspapers were distressingly frank about Luella's jewellery.

She opened the sitting-room door.

She had pulled the thick curtains before she went up to bed, shutting in every scrap of firelight that remained. They were drawn aside now. She could see the garden, white and unfamiliar under its garments of snow, lit by the moon that sailed high in the night sky among the avenue's chimney pots. She could see the figure of a man just bringing his last leg in through the window.

Lilli was not afraid of men. She held them in the utmost contempt. And had she not her poker, with a nice round heavy steel knob at the end of it? A weapon, said Lilli, fit for a gangster.

She switched on the light.

A fat ruin of a man lolled in the chair, facing her. He was like an obscene sea beast, discolored and puffy. The entire room smelt of stale drink and old smoke. Ed Stevens had been bad enough when she last saw him. He was terrible now.

She said, hoarsely: "You again! What do you want?"

He sat there laughing at her.

"Watcher think I want, sister? Dough."

"Have you then no decency, no shame? Listen, it is Noel . . . Christmas time. She is happy. She has at last a little peace. Can you not go and leave her alone?"

"She's my wife, ain't she?"

Lilli stood looking at him, her face working, tears of despair in her eyes. Her curl pins stuck out all round her forehead like the taps of a gas-stove.

The window still stood open, the curtain drawn. She straightened herself suddenly. She crossed the room and shut it with a clatter. The curtain rings rattled along the rail, as the curtains came to.

A fade-out, the picture dying.

Directed by Fate!

(Copyright)

(More about Luella Grey's strange story next week, in the last of Dorothy Black's superb series, "Other People's Homes.")

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—"And southern Nation and southern State, aroused from their dream of ease,
Must sign in the Book of Eternal Fate their stormy histories."
Like their fathers before them, the A.I.F. in action is splendidly carrying out this prophecy made in 1895 by our own poet—
Henry Lawson—A. B. Paterson—J. Brunton Stephens—A. L. Gordon—Henry Kendall.

2—New Year! Really the Scotsman's own time, what with hogmanay, Auld Lang Syne, and what not. Hogmanay, incidentally, means one of these:
A small musical pipe—a stem—a spiced drink—New Year's Eve.

3—How has your golf been over the holidays? Oh, that's fine — you scored a birdie, otherwise
Played a hole in one — set a record for the course—played a hole in one under par — beat bogey by two strokes each hole.

4—By the way, New Year's Day commemorates that important event in British history:
The Union of Great Britain and Ireland—the arrest of the five members by Charles I—the Battle of the Boyne—the relief of Ladysmith—the Declaration of Indulgence.

5—Gamboge—come on all you artists—is a shade of
Purple — yellow — reddish-brown — grey.

6—Those three crosses in our Union Jack—the white and blue one is the cross of
St. George — St. Patrick — St. Andrew.

7—Twelfth Night? Yes, of course you know that Shakespeare wrote it, but go one better and state that Twelfth Night falls on
December 26 — January 3 — January 6—December 29.

8—Absolutely no excuse for not knowing that Sollum is in
Palestine — Libya — Egypt — Albania — Greece.

9—Grandma was thrilled with the jade ornament Johnnie gave her for Christmas. Jade, incidentally, is a kind of
Wood — stone — mineral—metal.

10—America's Johnson Act has been much in the limelight lately. This Act
Legislates for United States ships operating in war zones—prohibits the sale of war materials to belligerents — prohibits the granting of credits to nations who have not yet paid last war's debts—prohibits Congress from declaring war without the people's sanction.

Answers on page 26

CORNS lift out

Cheer up! Forget that beastly, burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frozol-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—cure and all. Lift out your corns with magic Frozol-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free, happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell Frozol-Ice.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

Countless women are indebted to Paul Van Schuyler for his discovery of

"VANIX"

by the use of which superfluous hairs can be permanently destroyed. "VANIX," which is simple and pleasant to use and harmless to the skin, is now available to the women of Australia. Price 5/6 (posted 5/10) from Hallam Pty., Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 13 Branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Lit. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 256 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

Makes Salads More Tempting

CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR BREWED FROM MALTED GRAIN THE VINEGAR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA SYDNEY N.S.W. 1 PINT & 1 FLUID QT.

QUARTS and PINTS

For The Blood, Veins, Arteries And Heart

Elasto The Wonder Tablet

Take It! and Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take 'Elasto', the Great New Biomedical Remedy *that acts through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense.

Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto', *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

What Is 'Elasto'?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *revitalising the blood.* Your copy is Free—see Offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO', Box 1858H, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply. (A.840).

The Australian Women's Weekly

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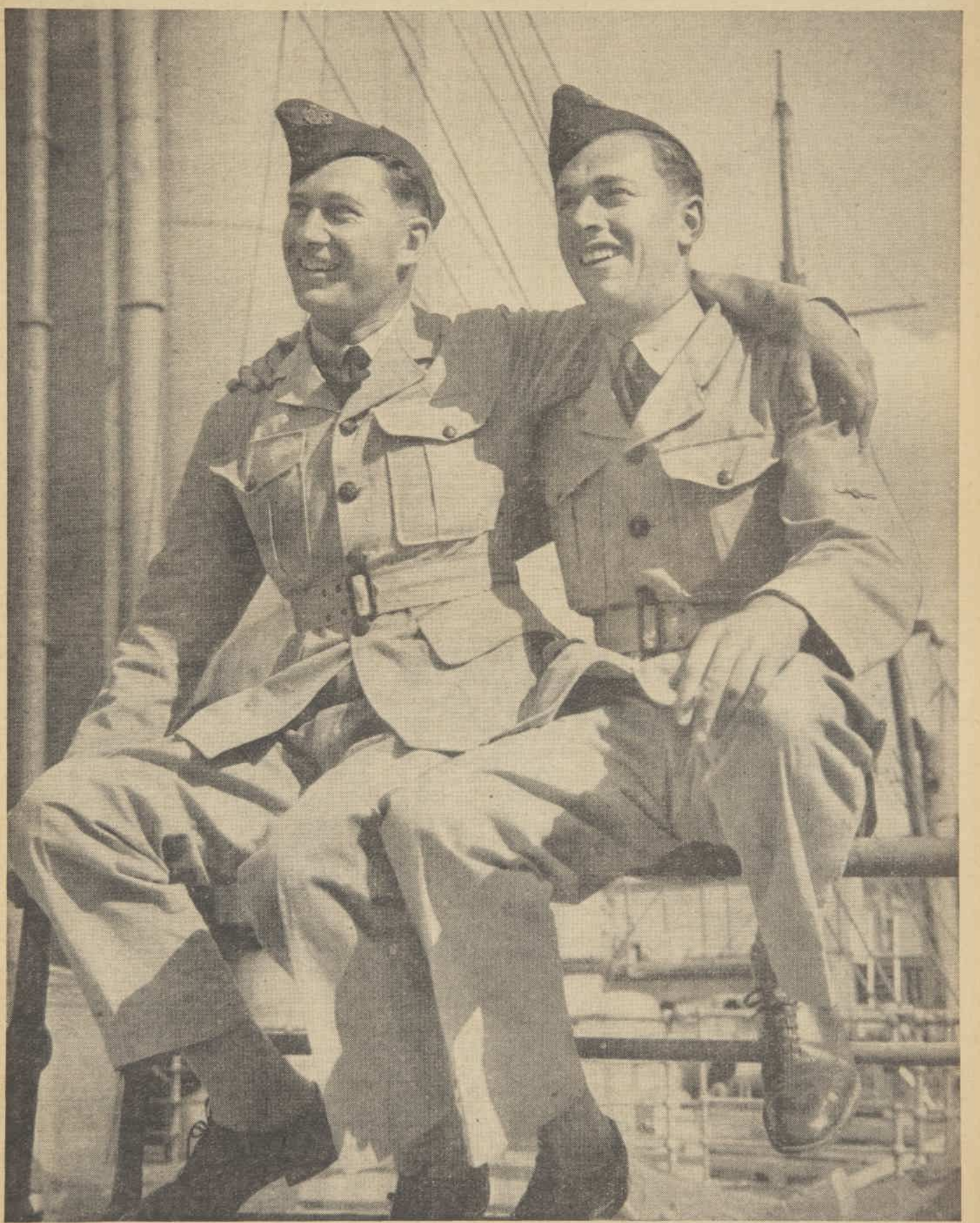
AREN'T THEY MARVELLOUS!



SEE above two reasons why Australian airmen attract attention wherever they go. And they're going places nowadays. These two are in the contingent whose safe arrival in Rhodesia was recently announced. There are others like them doing battle over Egypt, flying and fighting in Sunderland flying-boats over the vital seaways round Britain, standing by in Palestine, in Singapore, and probably in other corners of the globe of which news is yet to come. Australia has good reason to be proud of them.

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Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 6

THERE was little more to be got out of him. After one or two more questions which were answered in the same grudging manner, Hannasyde left the shop. The personality of Mr. John Hyde, about which he had felt, an hour earlier, only a mild curiosity, had suddenly become a problem of unexpected importance. The elusive Mr. Hyde would have to be found, and his connection with Gregory Matthews traced to its source.

It was a job for the department, but while he was on his way to Scotland Yard Hannasyde all at once changed his mind, and instead of going to Whitehall got on an omnibus bound for Piccadilly, and went to pay a call on Mr. Randall Matthews.

It was nearly noon by the time Hannasyde arrived at Randall's flat, but that elegant young gentleman received him in a brocade dressing-gown of gorgeous coloring and design. He seemed, with the exception of his coat, to be fully clad under the glowing robe, so Hannasyde concluded that the wearing of it was due rather to a love of the exotic than to actual sloth.

He smiled inwardly at the thought of Sergeant Hemingway's appreciation of the dressing-gown could he but have seen it, and embarked without preamble on an explanation of his visit.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Matthews," he said, "but I think you may be able to help me."

"How gratifying!" said Randall. "Let me give you a glass of sherry."

"Thank you, but I won't take anything just now. Does the name of Hyde convey anything to you?"

Randall poured himself out a glass of sherry, and replaced the stopper in the decanter. "Well—parka," he said.

"No."

"Give me time," said Randall, picking up his wineglass. "Stevenson?" he suggested.

"Nothing else, Mr. Matthews?" Hannasyde asked, watching him closely.

Randall met the steady gaze with one of his blandest looks. "Well, not just at the moment," he said. "Do you want to pursue the subject? Because, if so, I'm afraid you'll have to explain things to me. I don't seem to be very intelligent this morning."

"You don't happen to recall having heard your uncle mention that name at any time?" Hannasyde persisted.

Randall continued to look at him over the rim of his wineglass. "No, I can't say that I do," he replied. He strolled over to a chair and sat down on the arm of it. "Will you have a cigarette, or a nice game of Blind Man's Buff?" he inqured.

Hannasyde accepted the cigarette. "I'm disappointed, Mr. Matthews. I hoped that you might be able to throw some light on this little problem. I have been going through your uncle's bank books."

He struck a match, and held it to the end of his cigarette. "I find that quite a substantial part of his income has apparently been derived from a person going by the name of John Hyde. Or, possibly, from some business of which Hyde is the representative."

Randall sipped his sherry. Nothing but a faint interest could be read in his face. He said: "When you speak of a substantial part, what precisely do you mean, Superintendent?"

"I haven't added all the sums together, but at a guess I should say they must amount to something in the region of twelve or thirteen hundred pounds a year."

Randall inclined his head with an expression of mild surprise. "Quite a respectable income," he remarked. "May I ask how it was paid into my uncle's account?"

"By cheque," replied Hannasyde. "And at regular monthly intervals, though not in regular amounts." He thrust his hand into his inner coat-pocket, and pulled out Gregory Matthews' pass-book. "Perhaps you'd like to see for yourself."

"I think I should," said Randall, setting down his wineglass and taking the book.

Silence reigned while Randall went unhurriedly through the book. Then he gave it back to Hannasyde, and said: "I feel quite unable to throw any of the expected light, Superintendent. What are your views on the matter?"

"I DON'T know that I have any," answered Hannasyde. "You must remember that I was not acquainted with your uncle. That is why I come to you. I suppose you knew him as well as anybody, Mr. Matthews?"

"I haven't considered the question," said Randall. "Moreover, I believe I told you at the outset of our agreeable dealings with each other that I was not in my uncle's confidence."

"You did," agreed Hannasyde. "But I can't help suspecting that you were over-modest. You were the only member of his family, I believe, to whom he imparted his discovery of Mr. Lupton's double life."

"Do you call that a confidence?" inquired Randall. "I thought it was a vulgar story."

"Well, let us waive the question of confidences, Mr. Matthews, and say that there was a bond of sympathy between you," suggested Hannasyde.

As he spoke he caught a glimpse of Randall's eyes, and experienced a sensation of shock. What the expression in them meant he had no time to decide. It was gone in a flash, but it left him feeling oddly shaken, and with an impression forcibly stamped on his mind that something very unpleasant had suddenly sprung up and as suddenly vanished again.

Then Randall said in his composed drawl: "No, I don't think there was any bond of sympathy between us. You have possibly been misled by the fact that alone of my family I didn't quarrel with him."

"Come, Mr. Matthews!" said Hannasyde persuasively. "Why can't you be frank with me? Whether there was sympathy between you or not, I think you know more of him than you have told me. On the question of these cheques from John Hyde, for instance: do you ask me to believe that you, the heir to your uncle's property, are ignorant of the source of part of his income?"

"No," said Randall, "but it is nevertheless true." He rose and strolled over to the table, and refilled his glass. "The varying amounts, coupled with the regular appearance of the cheques, would lead one to suppose that my uncle was amusing himself with some business venture which he preferred to keep his name out of. It will probably come to light in due course."

"In fact, you don't set much store by it, Mr. Matthews?"

Randall shrugged. "No, I can't say that I do. To tell you the truth, I think you are wasting your time in looking for John Hyde. His significance in the case seems to be somewhat obscure?"

"Quite so," replied Hannasyde. "But when I come across something that calls for an explanation I find it pays to follow it up, however trivial it may appear. I have already made some inquiries into Hyde's identity, both at his bank and at his only known address."

"I hope such painstaking industry was suitably rewarded?"

"I think it was," said Hannasyde imperturbably. "I find that John Hyde describes himself as an agent, and owns a squalid little house in Gadsby Row, in the City, with a newsagent's shop attached. The property is apparently let to a man called Brown, who owns the shop, but one room has been retained by Hyde for his own use."

"Indeed?" said Randall.

"The fact that a man who is in a position to make large monetary payments each month should have as his only address an office in a shabby back street strikes me as being sufficiently unusual to call for further investigation. What do you think, Mr. Matthews?"

"That you are wasting your time, my dear Superintendent."

"And when I tell you that John Hyde has not been seen at his office since Tuesday, May 14th?"

Randall had wandered over to where his cigarette-box stood, and his back was momentarily turned to Hannasyde. "Who says that he has not been seen since May 14th?" he asked.

"The man who runs the shop—and I don't think he was lying."

"It doesn't seem to me a very valuable piece of information," Randall remarked, coming back to his chair. "He may conceivably be ill, or away."

"Certainly," said Hannasyde. "But there is an elusive quality to Mr. John Hyde which needs explaining. There is something more than a little odd about a man who has no home address, Mr. Matthews." He got up. "I'm sorry you can't help me."

"Looking for mares' nests has never been one of my pastimes, Superintendent. May I know whether you have been favored with a description of your quarry?"

"A very vague one, which might possibly be false."

"How useful! And what was it?"

"A middle-aged man, with an ordinary face. That's all so far."

"I should give it up, if I were you," said Randall.

"You can hardly expect me to follow that advice," said Hannasyde rather shortly, and took his leave.

But the quest of John Hyde proved to be a singularly thankless task. No one knew him; nor, when Hannasyde and Sergeant Hemingway, armed with a search warrant, visited his office, could any clue to his identity be discovered. The office, a dingy room above the shop, contained nothing but a table, a chair, a typewriter, and a safe.

"If this bird's an agent, what's become of his sample-goods?" demanded Sergeant Hemingway.

Mr. Brown, still in his shirt-sleeves, looked round the bare apartment with vague disquiet. "I never knew him to go off like this before, and no word said," he muttered. "I seen him Tuesday before last, and I'll take my dying oath he ain't been near the place since."

This oft-reiterated statement was borne out to a certain extent by Foster's Bank. On the 14th May a cheque of Hyde's for £25 had been presented, made out to bearer. Questioned, the cashier faithfully described Mr. Brown, and added that he had been in the habit of cashing cheques made out by Hyde to bearer.

Mr. Brown did not deny it. He stated that Mr. Hyde had always employed him to cash his cheques for him, and that he had merely collected the money and handed it over to Hyde. As it further transpired that he had very often paid in moneys for Hyde there seemed to be no reason for doubting this statement, but why he had been so employed or what his connection with Hyde was there was no getting out of him.

He persisted in saying that he didn't know, he was sure; and that Mr. Hyde never told him anything. When asked whether Hyde ever had visitors he replied sulkily that Hyde did sometimes see people in the way of business, but who they were or where they came from he couldn't say.

The safe, when opened, disclosed nothing but a half-used cheque-book, with every counterfoil blank, and a bundle of share-certificates.

"Well, this is the queerest turn I ever saw in my life!" said the Sergeant. "I've heard of people doing a bunk, but I never knew them leave their cheque-books and a tidy bank balance behind till now. Looks almost as though this bloke had to clear out in the devil's own hurry, Chief. Something happened after he left this place on the 14th which made him scared stiff to come back."

"But why did he keep his cheque-book in the safe?" demanded Hannasyde. "We know from the bank it was the only one he possessed. Most men would carry it about with them, if they'd only got one. Or they'd keep it in a desk at home—not in an office they visit at irregular intervals!"

"You can search me," said the Sergeant. "The point is, where is his home?"

But this was something that the most rigorous inquiry failed to discover. An advertisement inserted in the papers asking for any information concerning Hyde produced no results, and an attempt to discover documents at his bank which might give some clue to his identity also failed. He kept no documents at the bank.

Sergeant Hemingway, who had a genius for making his fellows confide in him, produced in triumph the chatelaine of No. 11 Gadsby Row, a corpulent lady, who remembered having seen Mr. Hyde once when she had popped into Mr. Brown's to buy a paper.

She hadn't happened to look at him particular, for she was passing the time of day with Mr. Brown, like anyone might, when in he walked, and without a word to anyone went straight through the shop into the back-parlor. Well, that had struck her as being a funny thing to do, and she had said to Mr. Brown, not thinking: "Who's that?" And she remembered as well as if it had been yesterday him saying: "Oh, that's only Mr. Hyde, that is!"

It was a bit hard to say what he'd looked like, because he'd had his hat on, and a pair of those dark spectacles, but he was dressed very gentlemanly, that she would say.

It was not very helpful, but it was the best Sergeant Hemingway could do. No one else in the Row seemed ever to have noticed Hyde, and no shop in the vicinity had been patronised by him.

A watch was set on No. 17 Gadsby Row, and an inquiry made into Mr. Brown's past history. It did not surprise either Hannasyde or the Sergeant to discover that Mr. Brown was known to the police, and had done time for fraud seven years previously, but it did surprise them to find that since the date of his release from prison he seemed to have kept out of trouble.

MR. BROWN, searchingly interrogated by the the sceptical Sergeant, assumed an air of outraged virtue, and said bitterly that he supposed the police had never heard of a man turning over a new leaf, and running straight.

The plainclothes detectives on the look-out for a middle-aged gentleman in dark spectacles found their task peculiarly dull, and although several middle-aged men visited the shop none of them wore spectacles, and none of them stayed longer than the time it took them to purchase their morning papers or their packets of cigarettes.

The shop was not patronised by men who dressed "very gentlemanly," a circumstance which made Mr. Peel, the younger of the two detectives, take a good deal of interest in one of its customers, a young man whose attire was very gentlemanly indeed, and who came strolling down the street one early afternoon, and went into Mr. Brown's shop.

Mr. Brown, who was serving a navvy with a couple of ounces of shag, took a fleeting glance at the newcomer, but paid no further heed to him until his first customer had pocketed his change, and was about to leave the shop. Then he leaned his hands on the counter, and asked what he might have the pleasure of doing for the foppish young gentleman.

Mr. Randall Matthews watched the navvy go out, produced a shilling from his pocket, and asked for cigarettes.

Mr. Brown pushed a packet across the counter, and picked up the shilling.

Randall opened the packet and drew out one of the cigarettes, and lit it. Over the flame of his lighter his eyes sought Mr. Brown's. "Hyde in?" he asked softly.

The guarded look descended like a curtain over Mr. Brown's face. "No," he replied. "Nor I don't know when he will be."

Please turn to page 28

The answer is—

1. Henry Lawson. (In "The Star of Australasia".)
2. New Year's Eve.
3. Played a hole in one under par.
4. The Union of Great Britain and Ireland.
5. Yellow.
6. St. Andrew.
7. January 6.
8. Egypt.
9. Mineral.
10. Prohibits the granting of credits, etc.

Questions on page 24

HOW MUCH DOES SLEEP REFRESH YOU?

Do you jump up in the mornings eager and refreshed—or crawl through your dressing feeling heavy and "heady" and slack?

Do you eat well, and feel well after meals—or does a meal make you tired and sleepy?

Why not put yourself right and enjoy better health?

All those little signs point to constipation.

You may be "regular." But if elimination is not *complete*, poisons remain, get into your blood. And if your blood isn't clean how can you be well?

There is a simple, honest prescription for this condition—*Kruschen Salts.* The analysis is on the bottle. It isn't the latest fad. It's an institution. It doesn't need to be coloured or have its flavour disguised. It's almost tasteless. It's not a drug. It's a simple combination of natural salts. And the dosage is so small it cannot form a habit. Doctors have prescribed it these fifty years past, for their medical knowledge tells them that Kruschen Salts is a prescription which is unquestionably and unalterably right.

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KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, **every morning.** *1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.*

K.10-1840

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Women also Serve.

To work for soldiers in Darwin at Salvation Army hut

CAPTAIN Beryl Maslin, five feet nothing of smiling efficiency, is on her way to Darwin to be secretary and nurse at Red Shield Hut, the £2165 rest hut for soldiers being built by the Salvation Army.

Cool grey uniforms she has designed herself and a good-sized screw-topped jar to keep her silk stockings in are important items of her equipment.

The daughter of Salvation Army missionaries, Captain Maslin was born in Ceylon, and lived in various parts of India, from Madras to Simla, for 12 years of her life. She has also lived in New Zealand, but came to Melbourne in 1934 to take up nursing at Bethesda Hospital.

After completing her course she took a secretarial course. Then, last March, she entered the Army's training college as a cadet, and in October was commissioned for Darwin as a Salvation Army officer.

"I am taking good supplies of everything. I have enough soap and toothpaste to last me for a long time, and am even taking some groceries," she said.

"Before I leave Perth I may have to choose some furnishings and curtains for the hut. The furnishings are to be very simple. I believe chewing-gum, books and magazines are badly needed at Darwin."

Equipment, some part of which will be bought in each State, will include refrigerator, piano, and wireless.

CAPTAIN BERYL MASLIN selecting magazines that will be sent to Red Shield Hut, Darwin, where she will be a worker.

RED CROSS WORKERS Miss Mary Moore and Miss Mary Wells serve small Maureen Bray at the Red Cross Children's Hospital Canteen.

Mothers and children helped at Red Cross Hospital canteen

A PEACE-TIME humanitarian work of the Red Cross, which is still being quietly carried on in war time, is its canteen at the Children's Hospital.

The canteen enables tired and hungry mothers and children who visit the outpatients' department to have tea or milk, and buns and biscuits for a nominal sum.

Many a busy mother who has rushed away from her home in the morning without her breakfast, so that she can get her sick child to the hospital in time, has gratefully thanked the helpers at the canteen.

"We miss you very much when you are not there," mothers have said to Miss Mary Moore, honorary secretary of the Canteen Committee.

The canteen is held on a high bench in the outpatients' room. It is equipped with plain cups and saucers for the mothers and mugs for children.

The hospital has lent a refrigerator so that the milk may be kept cool and also so that cool drinks may be served in the summer time.

There are eight members of the committee, and the president is Miss Lily Waite. About 30 workers help in shifts of two or three each day.

The canteen was started about 11 years ago by Mrs. Ernest Good and Miss Mabel Marryat. Mrs. Good always does the buying of the provisions for the canteen, and Miss Marryat has been treasurer since the inception.

Handsome wooden dragons made of cotton reels

COTTON reels are in never-ending demand by Mrs. P. Allan, of Brisbane. She makes them into fascinating wooden dragons which she sells for war funds.

Thirty is the average number of reels, varying in size, which she uses for one dragon. So far she has made 180, which means 5000-odd reels.

The reels are threaded on to a thick cord, arranged according to size to form the dragon shape, with the smaller ones trailing away into a long tail.

Mrs. Allan paints the dragons various gay colors. Each reel needs at least two coats of paint.

She has sold the majority to aid the First Anti-Tank Regiment Welfare Fund, raising more than £30.

❖ ❖ ❖

Crippled and blind girls aid Comforts Fund

A LITTLE girl with a crippled arm who has knitted several cardigans and a blind girl who knits scarves are two of the members of the Longreach (Queensland) Branch of the Australian Comforts Fund.

More than 200 members meet weekly in the Longreach Shire Hall making garments for soldiers. During the year, 3326 articles have been sent to headquarters.

Whenever soldiers who have enlisted from the Longreach district leave by mail train for the coast, members distribute parcels of comforts to them. Christmas parcels and canteen orders were sent to Longreach men in camp or abroad.

Since the branch was established £1030 has been raised.

❖ ❖ ❖

Greek women anxious to help their countrymen in Europe

SIMILAR to the Australian Comforts Fund is the Princess Fredericka Fund in Greece, a branch of which has been formed by Greek women in Australia.

The president of the Sydney Auxiliary is Madame Vrisakis, and the organiser is Mrs. Darrel Lennox.

"The auxiliary now has its own office at 14 Spring Street (telephone BW3151)," said Mrs. Lennox.

"It urgently needs wool, woollen goods and money to buy wool, as comforts are needed for the fighting forces and civilians in Greece.

"There are hundreds of Greek women in Sydney who are willing and able to knit, but they cannot afford to buy the materials."

Sunshine Club ends dreary days for soldiers

THE fear of a dull and lonely Sunday afternoon depresses many men on leave who are without friends or relations in Melbourne.

To cope with this problem, a group of women headed by Mrs. H. A. Youlden and Miss Essie Fraser formed the Sunshine Club, situated at 142 Russell Street, where 100 soldiers are entertained each Sunday from 2.30 to 6 p.m.

The club has cheerful and colorful decorations of bunting, and a plentiful supply of flowers supplied by voluntary helpers. Games are arranged for those energetically inclined, big easy chairs for any who want a doze, and dancing and friendly chat for those who feel sociable.

An important department is the canteen. It is staffed by members of the club, who work every Saturday night for an hour or two getting the club ready for Sunday, and for another couple of hours on Sunday morning cutting sandwiches.

Drew maps on pavement to raise pennies for fund

TWELVE huge, white maps of Australia, painted on the pavement on each side of Rowlands Road at Hilton recently, lured pennies from purses for the Comforts Fund.

"Cover Australia with coppers" was the inscription enticingly written under each map.

The maps were the idea of the Hilton Unit of the Comforts Fund. President Mrs. "Topsy" Smith, honorary secretary Mrs. A. R. Scott, and treasurer Mrs. Roy Lennell with a committee of four women and five men carried out the idea.

Armed with buckets of white paint and big paint brushes they outlined the maps ready for the penny drive which was held from 1 p.m. to 9 p.m. "We traced the maps from a copy I had mounted on cardboard," said Mrs. Scott.

Strategic points were chosen for the maps—tram steps and outside big shops.

The Hilton Unit, although it is small, is well known for its good war work.

One of the most novel of the money-making efforts was a cricket match between a girls' team and a team from the Royal Australian Air Force.

This unit has made about £170 within 13 months.

Makes four pairs of gloves a week

THE busy fingers of Mrs. H. W. Iverson, of Brighton (Victoria), have recently been turning skeins of wool into gloves for the Red Cross at the rate of four pairs a week, and her excellent workmanship won her first prize in a competition held to help the society reach its objective of 5000 pairs for sick service men.

"As soon as I finish my housework in the afternoon, I start knitting and continue every spare moment till bedtime," said Mrs. Iverson.

Her knitting is beautifully done. She supplies all her own wool, and has lost count of the dozens and dozens of gloves, socks, helmets, jumpers, and spiral socks for minesweepers she has completed since the outbreak of war.

Keeping her own son John, a gunner with the A.I.F., stocked with woollens is a steady job. She has also given gloves to all his friends in camp, and still finds time to knit and sew for the Kingston Heath Golf Club war-work circle which sends woollens and other goods to the Red Cross, the Comforts Fund, and for distribution to evacuee children.

❖ ❖ ❖

Tennis members billet Air Force boys at club house

A FEW months ago Miss Isabel Collingwood, Victorian champion squash player, organised a scheme to billet six boys from the Air Force at the Royal South Yarra Tennis Club rooms from Friday till Sunday night. So successful was the scheme that the Lawn Tennis Association decided to follow suit.

The boys are made honorary members of the respective clubs for that period, and have the use of tennis and squash courts and every facility open to members.

Headed by Mrs. H. L. Baker, women members of the Royal South Yarra Club help the men entertain the boys in the club rooms in the evening, take them for motor trips on Sunday, and give their services as cooks, waitresses, and housemaids during the week-end.

Mrs. J. R. Robertson, chairman of the war social committee of the L.T.A.V., and thirty other women members give the same service to the six boys billeted at their association rooms.

A LITTLE KILLS THE LOT..

Fly-Tox Insect Spray is most economical to use because of its great strength and penetrating properties.

Fly-Tox is safe, sure, speedy — and is certain death to insect pests.

PRACTISE ECONOMY insist on FLY-TOX KILLS ALL INSECTS

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"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

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HORLICKS guards against **NIGHT-STARVATION** helps resist the strain

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(These are special parties, but earlier dates can be arranged on application)

IT IS NOT TOO EARLY TO BOOK NOW. BE WISE.

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13 DAYS' GLORIOUS MOTOR TOUR through the Northern Rivers and into the balmy autumn of the Queen at all Resorts. Visit to Brisbane, tropical country, etc.
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Arrangements can be made for Adelaide, Melb. & Tasmanian visitors to join.
SEND DEPOSIT OF £1 TO ENSURE SEAT AND ACCOMMODATION which may not be available later.

Women's Weekly Travel Bureau
St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney. MA4496, Lic. 268.

Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 26

RANDALL put his lighter away, and drew out an elegant notecase, and in a leisurely fashion extracted a banknote that rustled agreeably. "That is a pity," he remarked. "It is important that I should see him."

"I can't tell you what I don't know," said Mr. Brown, impelled by curiosity to try to see whether the note between Randall's long fingers was for ten pounds or only five.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you that I am not a policeman," sighed Randall. "Though I believe one of the plainclothes fraternity is wandering about outside."

"Think I don't know?" said Mr. Brown scornfully. "I could tell a busy half a mile off." It dawned on him that his visitor also appeared to possess this useful faculty, and he added with more respect in his voice: "You'd better clear off out of this. I don't want no more trouble than what I've got already, and I tell you straight, Mr. Hyde ain't here, nor he hasn't been near the place for ten days."

"In view of the gentlemen outside that hardly surprises me," said Randall. "But I feel sure you could direct me to him—for a consideration."

"Well, I couldn't," said Mr. Brown curtly. "What do you want with him?"

Randall's slow smile curled his lips. "Do Hyde's visitors usually confide in you?" he asked.

There was a slight pause. Mr. Brown stared frowningly at him, and after a moment said: "Look here, I don't know no more than you do where Mr. Hyde is, and what's more I've had enough of him and his games. You clear off out of this before that busy outside starts smelling round after you, that's my advice!"

Randall regarded him thoughtfully. "Perhaps," he said, "if I were to leave a letter for him in your charge it would be delivered? Oh, for a consideration, of course!"

Mr. Brown cast a hasty glance towards the door of the shop and said loudly: "Well, it wouldn't then, because I don't know where to deliver it! What do you want? What's your blooming hurry to get hold of Mr. Hyde?"

"Oh, I don't think it's necessary for you to know that," said Randall. "I just have business with him—ah, somewhat important business. I wonder if you could use ten pounds?"

"It's no good, I tell you!" said Mr. Brown roughly. "He's gone—vanished!"

"Yes. Yes, I had grasped that," said Randall. "But you might still be able to use ten pounds."

"How?" demanded Mr. Brown involuntarily.

"Oh, quite easily!" said Randall in his nonchalant way. "You can tell me where Hyde keeps his papers."

Mr. Brown shook his head with some vigor. "Not me. Besides, I don't know."

Randall dropped his half-smoked cigarette on the floor, and set his heel on it. "How disappointing!" he remarked. "The information would have been worth quite a lot—in hard cash, you understand. While if you happened to be holding any correspondence addressed to Hyde that, too, would be worth ten pounds, or even more."

"I ain't got no correspondence," muttered Mr. Brown. "You don't think I'd keep any letters here with them busies nosing around, do you? Any letters that came—and I don't say any did, mind you—I burned, and that's gospel-truth. I tell you I've had enough of the whole business."

He watched Randall restore the banknote to his case. The faint crackle of it caused a regretful, covetous gleam to shine in his eyes. He passed his tongue between his lips, and said angrily: "How do I know you wouldn't set the cops on to it, supposing there was anything I could tell you?"

"You don't," said Randall amiably. "But as you can't tell me anything that I want to know, that needn't worry you."

The notecase was shut, and the hand that held it in the act of sliding it back into an inner pocket. Mr. Brown cast another glance towards the door, and after a moment's hesitation leaned slightly forward across the counter, and said in a quick undertone: "I could tell you something about his papers, but it won't help you. That's fair warning, ain't it?"

Randall drew out his notecase once more. "Where are they?" he asked.

"They're where no one can't get at them. Nor I don't know exactly myself, and he may have taken them away with him."

"I'll risk that," said Randall.

"Well, he kept them in one of them safe-deposits," said Mr. Brown reluctantly.

"Of course!" said Randall softly. "Which one?"

"I can't tell you that. He never said, nor I didn't ask. I said it wouldn't do you no good."

"Where did he keep the key?"

"On his watch-chain. Never off it, it wasn't. I seen it often. That's all I know, and if it ain't enough you can't say I didn't warn you."

"On his watch-chain," repeated Randall, the smile fading from his lips.

Mr. Brown, watching him, thought the look on his face downright ugly, and said uneasily: "It ain't my fault if you don't like it. I told you the truth, so help me, and that's more nor what I ought to have done. What's it worth—to stop me telling the same to the police?"

"I hardly think that you are anxious to confide in the police," said Randall, "but it is worth—to me—exactly what I said I would pay for it."

Mr. Brown held out an eager hand for the note. A smile stole over his unprepossessing countenance. "You wanted to know mighty bad, didn't you? I hope you're satisfied, that's all."

"Quite," said Randall, and flicked the note into his hand.

After a swift glance at it to make sure that it was correct, Mr. Brown thrust it into his pocket and cast another of his puzzled looks at Randall. He watched him put his notecase away and suddenly said: "I ain't seen you before, have I?"

"I should think it very unlikely," said Randall.

MR. BROWN stroked his chin. "Funny thing, but the minute you come into the shop I got a feeling I had seen you somewhere."

Randall paused with his hand stretched out to pick up his malacca cane from the counter, and let Mr. Brown see his eyes. "Look again," he said smoothly. "Have you seen me before?"

Mr. Brown's gaze shifted under that curiously vivid, intent stare. "No, I don't know as how I have," he said uncertainly. "Not to be sure, anyway. Just something in the cut of your jib seemed to strike me as being a bit familiar, that's all. No offence!"

Randall picked up his cane. "None at all," he replied. "But you have not seen me before, Mr. Brown, I can assure you. Nor are you very likely to see me again."

Mr. Brown gave him a knowing leer. "I can keep my mouth shut, don't you worry!" he said.

A smile which Mr. Brown liked even less than the expression he had found ugly a few minutes before flitted across Randall's face. "No, I shan't worry," he said, and walked with his graceful, untroubled gait out of the shop.

Detective Peel, observing him from the opposite side of the road, thought it worth his while to follow him at a discreet distance.

His report, made to Superintendent Hannasyde later in the day, interested the Superintendent considerably.

"Mr. Randall Matthews," he said, slowly. "Yes, you did quite right to follow him. How long was he in the shop?"

"Matter of twenty-five minutes," replied Peel. "Came walking down the street as though he didn't give a hang for anyone."

"Yes, I think he would do that," said Hannasyde. "It may, of course, have failed to dawn on him that the place was being watched." He tapped the pencil he was holding on his desk. "I think we might keep Mr. Randall Matthews under observation," he said. "You couldn't hear what was said in the shop, I suppose?"

"No, I couldn't, Superintendent. It's a bit difficult, hanging round the entrance with so many people about," replied Peel apologetically.

Hannasyde nodded. "Yes, I know. It doesn't matter. But I shall be interested to see what Mr. Randall Matthews' next move is."

However, Randall Matthews' next move was an unexceptionable one. On the following afternoon, arrayed in all the sombre elegance of a morning-coat, with a sleek top hat set at an unsuitably rakish angle on his still sleeker dark head, he motored down to Grinley Heath in a hired limousine to attend his uncle's funeral.

The service was held at the Parish Church, and there were very few mourners. Apart from the dead man's relatives, only the Rumbolds, Dr. Fielding, and Mr. Nigel Brooke, who was Guy's partner, attended it.

When at length the Matthews family were drifting out of the churchyard to seek their various cars, Randall, who had succeeded in annoying both Mrs. Lupton and Miss Matthews by pressing his Aunt Zoe's hand feelingly, and remarking in a voice of concern that he feared the painful nature of the occasion would prove too much for her nerves, moved away to where the Rumbolds were waiting for their car to drive up. "How do you do?" he said. "An impressive sight, is it not?"

"Why, whatever do you mean?" said Mrs. Rumbold, who thought him a very smart, witty young man, and was prepared to be entertained.

"Merely the spectacle of my relatives assuming expressions of decent grief," said Randall.

"What things you do say, Mr. Matthews! I'm sure they must feel it. I mean, it stands to reason, doesn't it, Ned?"

"Yes, I think it's rather unfair to assume that they none of them feel any regret," replied Rumbold.

Randall raised his brows. "How long have you known my affectionate family?" he drawled.

Rumbold laughed. "Three years," he answered.

"And your simple faith survives! I suppose you would be shocked if I ventured to ask which of my uncle's loving relatives is, in your mature judgment, the likeliest suspect?"

"Yes, I should," said Rumbold sternly. "Nor do I think it's a question you ought even to ask yourself."

Mrs. Rumbold, lest Randall should feel snubbed, said hastily: "Well, I'm sure anyone might be forgiven for wondering, considering the way they were all at daggers drawn, half the time. I know one oughtn't to speak ill of the dead, but really, I do think that Mr. Matthews was the limit! Talk about rude, overbearing people! Well, he fairly took the cake! And quarrelsome!"

"My dear, you had no reason to say so."

"No, but I've heard him with his family, and what I say is: If you can be civil to strangers you can be civil in your own home, too. Not that he was always civil to strangers either, because everyone knows he was shockingly rude to the Rector, not to mention the way he behaved to Dr. Fielding. And it's no credit to him that he liked you, Ned, because everybody likes you."

"Rubbish!" said her husband. "He liked me because I could give him a game of chess." A gleam of amusement crept into his eyes. "And because he thought he could always beat me," he added.

"Yes, I always suspected you were the soul of tact in your dealings with my uncle," said Randall pensively. "So was I. It saved trouble."

Mrs. Rumbold gave a giggle. "Oh, Mr. Matthews, as though you'd ever bothered to be tactful in all your life!"

"I ought perhaps to explain that tact from nephew to uncle consisted in this case of refraining from asking him for money," said Randall.

"Well, they say virtue brings its own reward, don't they?" observed Mrs. Rumbold. "I wish someone would leave me a fortune, just for being what you call tactful!"

"It has certain disadvantages," said Randall in his bored voice. "It puts strange ideas into the heads of policemen, for one thing, and that, though amusing up to a point, is apt to become a nuisance."

"I'm sure that's all nonsense," said Mrs. Rumbold, reddening. "No one really thinks you had anything to do with it, do they, Ned?"

"What you really mean," corrected Randall gently, "is that everyone is afraid that I couldn't have had anything to do with it."

With which parting shot he took his leave.

An hour later he was back in his own flat, telephoning to Superintendent Hannasyde. "Oh—er, Superintendent!" he said apologetically. "Something I feel I must say to you. I'm so glad I caught you in."

"What is it?" Hannasyde asked.

"The detective shadowing me," said Randall plaintively. "Could he be told not to wear brown boots with a blue suit, do you think?"

Please turn to page 30

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So They Say

Should men allow women to enter lift first?

I DO not think a man always should stand aside while women rush to enter a lift, Mrs. M. J. Schluter (14/12/'40).

As each is not aware of the other's business, it is only right for women to take their turn.

A man may be a business man and rushed for time, and a woman may be just shopping with plenty of hours at her disposal.

Mrs. L. Handley, 259 Wardell Rd., West Marrickville, N.S.W.

Selfish reasons

IF we women would try to realise that the men have in most cases only their lunch hour in which to shop, we would confine our shopping to the early morning or afternoon hours.

This would give the men a chance to use lifts and do their shopping without having to stand aside for the women.

Unfortunately, there are members of our sex who think that under all circumstances they should come first.

Mrs. F. A. Schoenheimer, 11 Parkview St., Milton W2, Brisbane.

Retain chivalry

WOMEN should always be given the privilege of entering crowded lifts as men are able to run down stairs more quickly.

It is necessary to maintain all these chivalrous acts, as in the hurry and bustle of city life too often the weaker sex are brushed aside without even as much as an apology.

Especially so is this the case with the growing generation, which hurries on without any thought of others.

Mrs. M. Henderson, 27 Minna St., Burwood, N.S.W.

Does politeness pay?

Make own decision

ANY sensible man can judge whether he is breaking the rule of etiquette or not when boarding a lift or tram car.

If he stands back and allows women to enter ahead of him when he sees a crowded lift, that is his own fault.

There is a saying, "Every man for himself," and I think in this instance a man should not consider the opposite sex.

If he does he is only foolish, in my opinion.

Edith Colens, c/o J. Bathman, 125 Cardigan St., Carlton, Vic.

TOO ANTIQUE

WHY do the landladies of flats and rooms, particularly in the working man's class, have to hang all their discarded, old-fashioned pictures and portraits of their relatives on the walls of the flat?

They are of no interest to the tenant, and one cannot then use one's own personal photos.

Many flats are ugly rooms filled with antiquated relics from the lumber-room. Having had to live in rooms and so-called flats for five years, I speak from experience.

L. Beckman, Ernest St., Mornington, Vic.

LEARN TO VOTE

AT all super-primary schools regular yearly voting should be adopted to train the pupils for the more serious electing in years to come.

I think, too, that a proper school parliament should be formed. For instance, it could be composed of the headmistress (being the governor, of course), teachers, prefects, and two chosen children from each class, the remaining children to act as the public.

Miss M. Dingle, 132 Booth St., Annandale, N.S.W.

NEW DIET CRITIC

I AM not an admirer of the new type of meal.

I think the enjoyment of a meal is what counts, and I can't get much enjoyment out of lettuce and tomatoes covered with carrot, parsnip, and beetroot all grated and eaten raw. Sometimes there is an addition of apple, orange, and pineapple, on which one does not know if he should put salt. I like the fruits mentioned, but not with tomatoes and vegetables.

It has now come to this—that a man has to go to a restaurant for a decent meal.

In private homes the good old steak and kidney pie and the juicy grilled steak seem to be dying a natural death, for which I, as a mere man, express my deep regret.

A. C. Hextall, 16 Grandview Pde., Epping, N.S.W.

CHANGING OUTLOOK

APPARENTLY this war is changing the mental outlook of many women.

In the past they have been careful and thrifty. Always they have tried to save a little for the proverbial "rainy day."

Now with everything unsettled they think they should have a good time while they can. They are pursuing pleasure and spending almost recklessly, and taking no thought for the future.

Mrs. Ray Randall, Room 6, Second Floor, National Mutual Building, Queen St., Brisbane.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH CAN HELP

WE hear of the terrific ordeal the people of England are suffering bravely, and feel there is so little we can do to really help them.

There is, however, one way.

Most of us know somebody over there to whom we can write regularly, conveying our sympathy, our admiration, and our faith in ultimate victory.

We can tell them, too, that we are doing all we can to help, so that they can feel that we are really behind them.

Personal messages such as these can do much to keep up morale, and thus be a valuable contribution to the winning of the war.

£1 for this letter to Miss R. McGrath, Box 57, Brookton, W.A.

If romance ends, can friendship exist?

ONCE a romance has ended, it is far better for the couple to stop seeing each other (E. Rohde, 14/12/'40).

If one of them is still in love, but wants to try to forget, absence is the only way in which this can be done.

Rare indeed is the couple who can retain a friendship once their romance has ceased to exist.

Mrs. K. S. Taylor, St. Kilda St., Elsternwick, Vic.

No sentiment

MODERN young people are not as sentimental about broken romances as they used to be.

They know the value of friendship; they use their common sense and know that it is possible to fall "out of love," and they both prefer to remain good friends.

Life is too short for them to be enemies.

Emmy Wiseman, P.O., Morven, N.S.W.

Best to forget

THE sooner we forget our broken romance the sooner we will find our happiness elsewhere.

It shows lack of good taste to keep going out together when there is no intention of anything further. The sooner we forget, and eliminate the incident from our thoughts, the better.

To keep up friendship is only spoiling our chances with others.

G. Newell, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Foolish scorn

QUITE often when romance dies a pleasant friendship grows in its place.

Isn't it foolish to regard with scorn or hatred anyone who once held a romantic place in our affections!

There may be a natural bitterness for a while, but to harbor it only causes unhappiness.

The worst offenders are women, even if they are the ones who desired that the romance should end.

L. G. Bray, Parkes St., North Adelaide.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

HONOR FOR WOMEN

THERE are few, if any, statues of great Australian women to be seen in any of our cities, but scores of statues of great men. It would be a splendid idea to erect a statue of Elizabeth Macarthur, who was the real pioneer of the sheep industry in Australia.

Such a statue might be taken to represent an expression of appreciation of the great work done by all pioneer Australian women.

A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

PUBLIC DISCUSSION

WHY must women air the more unpleasant side of their illnesses, matrimonial relations, and so on in places where they can be easily overheard?

Surely the world is a sad enough place without our being treated to accounts of other people's sorrows when travelling or at the theatre?

Miss E. Jose, 138 Rose Tce., Wayville West, S.A.

PICTURE DISTURBER

IF one takes a baby occasionally to the pictures and it cries, other people present often are most unsympathetic.

It is bad enough for the mother to have to try to quieten it without having to listen to the audible complaints of those around.

A mother has to sacrifice enough for a child without giving up such a small outing as the pictures.

Mrs. V. S. Heyden, 33 Vera St., Clemton Park, Earlwood, N.S.W.

WHAT IS SUITABLE?

NOW that summer days are here again we hear the yearly outcry about sensible dress for men. After a visit to the South Coast at the week-end, I wonder if men are really capable of knowing when they are sensibly dressed.

I saw men wearing vividly colored shirts, white and pastel-toned beach shorts.

One fifteen stone of manhood wore swimming trunks patterned in a dainty floral design.

Many of the beach outfits the men were wearing would have been much more appropriate for a young bride than for a he-man.

Mary Gault, P.O., Ayr, N. Qld.

WEALTHY WORKERS

MANY girls who come from well-to-do homes are working, holding responsible positions when others more in need cannot procure jobs.

These comfortably-off girls are certainly wise to have training so that when the occasion arises they will be prepared, but why should they fill up the ranks when there is no necessity?

Edith Dawson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Parents' interest in progress of school work

IT is not always lack of interest that keeps mothers from interesting themselves in their children's school work (D. Draper, 14/12/'40), but lack of time.

There are many mothers who have other affairs to attend to, war work, for instance, as well as their homes. Thus they have no time to spare for attending school functions.

No doubt they would like to witness their children's efforts, but on account of other work have to forgo that pleasure.

Mrs. V. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, North Caulfield, Vic.

Dread holidays

MANY parents appear to lack all interest in their children.

Leaving them to the care of nurses and maids, they are certainly not interested in the welfare of their offspring at school.

They openly boast that they dread holidays and know that the teachers can manage their children a great deal better than they do themselves.

Mrs. Nancy Wayne, Besthaven, Bathurst Rd., Wentworth Falls, N.S.W.

Expect too much

IT is certainly desirable for mothers to take an interest in their children's school work, but isn't it time we stopped expecting mothers to be modern Hercules'?

The one person must be wife, mother, companion, nurse, and

Shares pride in work,

housekeeper, and she is still asked to attempt to keep up with her more leisured sisters in personal appearance.

Is it fair to ask a mother to be a part-time teacher as well?

Mrs. E. Ganter, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

Far too busy

MANY mothers are interested, but cannot spare the time to attend school displays. If they were held at a more convenient time there would be a larger attendance, but every housewife knows there are so many reasons that prevent one going out in the early afternoon.

Quite rightly, most mothers feel that they are doing more for their children by cooking them a nourishing meal than by watching their displays at school, some items of which the child can repeat at home.

Mrs. Esther Hume, c/o The Economic Store, Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

Baby's Happiness

You'll have smiles instead of tears at teething time if you give baby Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. They cool the blood, act as a gentle laxative and have a comforting effect. Wise mothers always keep them handy because they are so safe and reliable.

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ARRID

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Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 28

"WELL, I'll be hanged!" said Sergeant Hemingway.

"Exactly," said Hannasyde dryly, and picked up the paper that he had been studying and once more read the notice on the front page.

HYDE.—On May 22nd, 1935, at a nursing-home, suddenly, JOHN HYDE, of 17 Gadsby Row, in his 50th year. No flowers by request.

The sergeant scratched his nose. "And what's more, it may be true, Chief," he pronounced. "What does it say?—suddenly? There you are then. All the time we've been chasing round after him the poor fellow's been lying in hospital with appendicitis. No wonder we couldn't find him! Well, well, and now where are we?"

"Get on to the office of the paper and find out who sent in that notice," commanded Hannasyde rather irritably. "And do try to keep your infernal imagination within bounds!"

The Sergeant shook his head sadly. "Yes, I thought this case would get on our nerves before we were through with it," he remarked, and went out before his superior had time to reply.

He came back some little time later, and said: "Well, now I am going to surprise you, Super. That notice was sent in by General Sir Montague Hyde, of Crayly Court, Herts."

"What?" exclaimed Hannasyde.

"Didn't know he'd got such classy relations, did we?" said the Sergeant cheerfully.

"Who is General Sir Montague Hyde?" demanded Hannasyde.

The Sergeant consulted the slip of paper in his hand. "Born 1871 . . . eldest son of Sir Montague Hyde, 5th baronet . . . Educated Eton and Sand——"

"I don't want to know where he was educated, and you can cut out the Boer War, and the Great War, and his decorations, if any!" said Hannasyde. "What are his clubs? Has he a town address?"

"Green Street, Mayfair," said the Sergeant. "Clubs, Boodle's and the Cavalry."

Hannasyde glanced at his watch. "If he's in town I may catch him at his house, then," he said, and got up, and reached for his hat and for the copy of the newspaper.

The General was in town, but an austere butler, looking down his nose at Superintendent Hannasyde, said frigidly that the General was still at his breakfast. Hannasyde expressed his willingness to await the General's pleasure, and sent in his card. He was ushered into a room at the back of the house, and informed presently by the butler that the General would see him in a few minutes.

A quarter of an hour later the General, a fine-looking old man with iron-grey hair, and a beak-like nose, entered the sombre room, nodded to Hannasyde, and with a glance at the card in his hand said, in the voice of one who commanded whole armies: "Well, Superintendent? What's all this?"

"I must apologise for calling on you at such an early hour, sir," said Hannasyde, "but my attention has been drawn to a certain notice appearing in to-day's paper for which I understand you are responsible."

The General looked at him somewhat glassily. "What the deuce are you talking about, my good man?" he said. "What notice in what paper?"

Hannasyde produced the paper, and pointed out the fatal entry. The General, after a very sharp glance cast at him, got out a pair of spectacles, and held them over the bridge of his nose, and peered through them at the notice of John Hyde's death.

HE then lowered the paper, removed the spectacles from his nose, and desired to be told what this feller (whoever he might be) had to do with him.

"I am informed, sir, that the notice was inserted by you," replied Hannasyde.

"You are informed!" said the General. "Who informed you?"

"The office of the paper in question, sir," said Hannasyde.

"Then let me tell you, Superintendent, that you have been misinformed!" said the General. "John Hyde? Never heard of the feller in my life!"

It was apparent to Superintendent Hannasyde that the General was displeased. He was required instantly to explain to the General what Scotland Yard meant by it. He did explain, as briefly as he was able, but the General, stating that he had no interest in Scotland Yard activities, and didn't want to hear about them, demanded to know who was the impudent scoundrel who had dared to make use of his name.

When he found that Hannasyde could give him no information on this point he said, upon his word, he wondered what Scotland Yard was doing. He made it abundantly plain to the Superintendent that he expected him immediately to trace the perpetrator of this impudent hoax. He himself had every intention of getting to the bottom of the matter.

Hannasyde left him, twenty minutes later, breathing vengeance, and felt sorry for the hapless editor who was shortly to receive a call from him. He himself visited the offices of the newspaper, but could discover little there. The notice had been typewritten, enclosed in a half-sheet of Cavalry Club notepaper with the name and address of General Sir Montague Hyde also typed on it.

"Then it wasn't Brown," said the Sergeant decidedly. "He's got a nerve all right, but not enough nerve to go waltzing into the Cavalry Club and asking for a bit of notepaper. Why, I wouldn't have myself! Come to think of it, whoever pulled this one must have got nerve enough for a rhinoceros."

"Yes," said Hannasyde, and added with a reluctant smile: "Also a certain sense of humor. And I took Ferguson off!"'

"YOU did?" said the Sergeant. "I suppose he hadn't got any black boots?"

Hannasyde ignored this heavy sarcasm, and replied: "It was no use having Matthews watched if he knew of it. He succeeded in giving Ferguson the slip three times, you know."

"If you ask me," said the Sergeant severely, "he complained about the boots just on purpose to get you to take Ferguson off."

"He complained about the boots to annoy me," said Hannasyde. "He could have shaken him off at any time he pleased. If you know you're being followed it's child's play to get clear in London." He thought for a moment. "If it was he who put that notice in the paper what was his object?"

"Bit of comic relief," suggested the Sergeant.

Hannasyde looked at him frowningly. "Hyde's papers," he said abruptly. "Somebody wants to get hold of them."

"Well, we shouldn't mind having a squint at them ourselves," agreed the Sergeant. "But if young Matthews got the name of Hyde's lawyer out of Brown he's cleverer than I am, that's all I can say. Unless he knew all along, which somehow I don't think."

"Not a lawyer," Hannasyde said. "Matthews couldn't get papers out of a lawyer on the strength of that notice. And if the papers aren't—Good lord, why didn't I think of it? A safe-deposit, Sergeant! Get me the names of all the big safe-deposits in London; there aren't many of them. We've got to stop anyone getting hold of those papers—if we're in time."

But they were not in time. The first safe-depository Hannasyde rang up stated that Mr. John Hyde's papers had been removed an hour ago by his brother, Mr. Samuel Hyde, who had signed a receipt for them.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

— the Toast is "ENGLAND"

All the glory that is England . . . all that England means.

In "The Toast Is England" there comes to radio a programme so transcendingly powerful in emotional appeal that it stirs the very soul.
It is one of the really great broadcast achievements of this or any other year . . . an inspiration which is, too, a prayer.

2GB

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ARUNDEL NIXON

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★ Etchings from Life

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'The Toast is England'

Popularity of new radio feature from 2GB

Few programmes built for Australian commercial broadcasting during the past few years have attracted such wide interest as that created by "The Toast is England," the new Macquarie Network feature which will be heard from Station 2GB and in every other capital city each Saturday at 8.30 p.m.

It is described as the re-creation in song and narrative of all the glory that is England. "The Toast is England" possesses an emotional appeal of rare quality.

MR. E. MASON-WOOD.

AUTHOR, compere and producer of the programme is Mr. E. Mason-Wood, production manager of the Macquarie Network. As an actor in Oscar Asche's "Chu Chin Chow" Company in Australia he achieved wide distinction. In the intervening years he has won even wider fame as a radio playwright and dramatist, with a record of many successful shows.

To-day, he has created a programme which is claimed as one of the most inspiring half-hours ever heard on the air in Australia.

An Englishman who served with distinction in the last war—he reached field rank at an early age, and was twice decorated by the King—he knows his England and his England's history.

Into "The Toast Is England" he has built something which promises to gather one of the largest audiences which broadcasting in Australia knows; an inspiration and a world of story in every word. Into it has been built all the great stories of England and England's history; all the greatness which has made Britain's fighting forces and the British nation.

Into "The Toast is England" he wealth of story and anecdote—stories which tell, for instance, of the first infant origin of the British Navy; stories rooted deep in the mythology of the old land; stories and sermons in the stones of Britain's sacred places.

After he had heard "The Toast is England" in production, one of Sydney's best-known advertising men said: "It is the most beautiful production I have ever heard; to hear it will make of anyone of us a better Australian and a better Britisher."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, January 1.—Mr. Edwards, The Australian Women's Weekly Home Gardener — Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, January 2.—June Marsden—Special Vocational Talk for Children.

FRIDAY, January 3.—Highlights from Opera — Patricia Morison.

SATURDAY, January 4.—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, January 5.—June Marsden — Astrology for the Business Folk—Gardening by the Stars. Special Review of June Marsden's 1940 prophecies.

MONDAY, January 6.—Musical Mix-up — Patricia Morison.

TUESDAY, January 7.—June Marsden — Astrology or Women.

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Makes Skin instantly soft, smooth, lovely

1/- and 2/- (ECONOMY SIZE)

FREE OFFER! To put sunshine in your hair send this advert., with your name, address and colour of your hair to Box 390-GG, G.P.O., Sydney, and 3d. pkt. Camilatone Tonrinz will be sent free. W.W. 4/1/41

RESTORE YOUTH TO GREY HAIR

Why rob yourself of youth and opportunity? Restore the natural colour of your hair with INECTO. Eighteen colours to choose from. INECTO colours hair inside as nature does, and so cannot wash off, rub off, or fade. Absolutely permanent. Cannot be detected. Full instructions with each bottle. Consult your hairdresser or buy from your chemist. Banish grey hair in 30 minutes with

INECTO HAIR COLOURING

You Will Put On Flabby Fat

If You Are Constipated

Sagging, flabby fat grows rapidly on people who suffer from constipation. The retention of digestive wastes and poisons in the system causes unhealthy fat, with loss of fitness, good looks, figure, and brings a crop of unpleasant ailments, flatulence, sick headache, liverishness, pimples, bad breath and depression being just a few.

Get back your fitness and dispel unhealthy fat by correcting constipation. Pinkettes are ideal for the purpose. These gentle little laxative pills naturally and effectively clear away the waste accumulations, without griping and purging. Compounded of safe, harmless vegetable ingredients, Pinkettes painlessly strengthen and exercise lazy bowels, stir the liver, assure a good flow of bile which is essential for the proper regular evacuation of food wastes. Disperse constipation and unhealthy fat by taking Pinkettes to-day. At chemists and stores.***

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

This month belongs astrologically to Capricornians, that is, people born between December 22 and January 20.

CAPRICORN is ruled by the great planet Saturn, which is often called the "Planet of Sorrow," and so it is, in the lives of those Capricornians who do the wrong thing in life and prefer the cheerless, doubtful, moody, depressing, colorless, fearful side of existence.

People who thus let themselves get embroiled in the "malific" side of Saturn's radiations are looking for lots of trouble and are sure to find it.

But those Capricornians and others who strive to live on the bright side of life can use the radiations of Saturn to wonderfully good effect in their character and affairs.

For Saturn is also called the "Planet of Stability," and is the producer of most of the really reliable, solid, faithful, secure, consolidated and settled conditions of life.

Wise Capricornians will therefore learn to be cheerful in adversity; to be constructive, to be savers, but not misers; to be spenders, but not extravagant; to relegate self-pity and sadness to the background, and to cultivate in their place humor, hope, and optimism.

The daily diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live with wisdom and caution on Jan. 4 (after dusk), 5, and 6, for difficulties, upsets, annoyances and delays or disappointments may be created by yourself then.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Now is the time for all wise Taurians to get busy and go after those things they have so long wanted. To seek promotion, gains, favors, changes, and general good fortune January 7, 8, and to sunset of 9 are best for action and enterprise.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Plan ahead. Meanwhile January 10, 11 just fair.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Don't take risks of any kind just now, for unwary Cancerians can get themselves into plenty of trouble and experience reactions far into the future. Be especially cautious on January 4 (after sunset), 5, and 6. Routine matters best then.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Not an especially helpful week, yet you must try to complete outstanding matters, or start those which cannot wait some time. January 4 (late), 5, and 6 best, but hard work necessary.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Don't waste a moment of January 7, 8 and to dusk of 9, for wise Virgoans can do much good for themselves then. Seek advancement, ask favors, sign papers, make changes, consolidate.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Don't make important changes or start new or important enterprises this week, for difficulties and delays will probably afflict them. Especially if begun on January 28 (late), 29, 30.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): You had better try to get important things under way and outstanding ones finalised now, though your stars won't help you very much. However, they'll be less helpful later on. So try to utilise January 4 (to 6 p.m. only) advantageously.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Just a week of days for most Sagittarians. January 4 (late), 5 and 6 best. January 10, 11 poor.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): You have another chance to make good for this week produces 3 days which can be used for constructive work and advancement. They are January 7, 8, and daylight of 9. Work hard.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Concentrate on routine, but plan ahead too. January 10 and 11 only fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): January 4 quite a fair day for energetic and optimistic Piscean who know what they want and work hard for it then.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is at Fort Radi, Central Africa, with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant. They are helping

CAPTAIN TOD BROWNELL: To outwit Besa, a sorcerer of the Wambesis who terrorises the tribe. By his supposed "black magic" Besa killed Colonel Carr, commandant of the fort.

LIBIE CARR: The Colonel's daughter, is engaged to Brownell. Besa has told her that he will kill Brownell and Mandrake. Mandrake discovers that an attempt to poison Brownell is made by his houseboy, Narob. Narob confesses, but Besa has him in his power, and he flees terrified into the jungle.

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Eczema! — maddening itch!—raw, sore, pain—unsightly! dangerous! spreading! — yet how rapidly even *this* obstinate skin trouble yields to the magic healing power of **Germolene**.

SORE FEET

At the first touch of **Germolene** smarting, itching, burning and pain is stopped. Swelling is reduced, obnoxious odour is banished. **Germolene** soothes the skin and leaves it smooth, supple and healthy.

ULCERS

Germolene has conquered ulcers when all else has failed. It has banished pain that had persisted for years. Cleared away poisonous matter that never seemed to stop discharging and made smooth, supple skin, heal over cleansed healthy flesh!

IRRITATION

Even the most maddening, nerve-wearing irritation can be literally "wined away" with **Germolene**! The unsightly blemish goes—the unbearable itch! itch! itch! is banished!

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Germolene makes short work of cuts, for it has the power to *heal the worst wounds! Yes!*—even a long-standing, festering wound yields to its deep, penetrating, cleansing healing power! Heals it clean and not a scar remains!

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Why should you remain in pain? Why should you suffer disfigurement when **Germolene** is ready to come to the rescue? *Feel* how it soothes—at a touch! *See* how it heals—in record time! Get your supply TODAY and watch your skin trouble disappear.

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Prices 1/6 & 3/6

Agents:—Harold F. Ritchie, Australia Pty., Ltd., 356/354 William Street, Melbourne.

Treasure near W.A. coast

MEMBERS of the exploring party and the ship's crew on the voyage to Abrolohos Islands.

Legacy from shipwrecks on Abrolohos Islands

Treasure trove is lying on a coral reef within easy tourist reach of the Australian coast.

A search for it was organised thirty years ago, but the plans were never completed, and no other attempt has been made to locate it.

THE chest containing the treasure has probably been pounded to pieces by the surf and the old coins scattered on the coral ledges since it was cast up on the reef 300 years ago.

The story of this treasure trove is told in Malcolm Uren's "Sailormen's Ghosts."

Malcolm Uren, a special writer on a West Australian newspaper, was sent by his editor to explore the Abrolohos Islands off the coast of West Australia, near Geraldton.

"The story would be as romantic as a novel," the editor said, and it certainly is.

Abrolohos is a Portuguese word meaning "Look out."

The islands are appropriately named, for their beaches are scattered with the skeletons of ships wrecked on treacherous reefs ever since daring Portuguese and Dutch sailing ships first beat across the Indian Ocean to the rich Indies more than 300 years ago.

The Abrolohos were discovered when the South Land (Australia) was still a sinister land of mystery inhabited, the navigators believed, by human giants and monsters.

Only one attempt has been made to chart the islands. A hundred years ago Lieut. J. Lort Stokes made a survey, but the actual number of islands in the group is still unknown.

Except for castaways the only other inhabitants of the islands have been a few workmen who worked the islands for guano—fertiliser—some time ago, and an old Geraldton identity, W. W. Trigg, who has fished in the waters round the islands for years and built a small iron hut on the main island, Pelsart Island.

Sea birds and lizards

FOUR men, John, Bruce, Reginald, and Malcolm Uren, went to the Abrolohos by sailing boat and before they could take up residence in Mr. Trigg's hut had to chase out hundreds of sea birds and lizards.

With them travelled the Bird Man, a farmer from Southern West Australia, who had timed his visit to add to his ornithological collection a sea eagle's egg.

He and the sea eagle, whose nesting visit to the islands is very brief, timed their arrivals so perfectly that the Bird Man left within 24 hours with two specimens.

The four amateur explorers swap enthralling stories of sailormen's ghosts on the actual locations of terrifying shipwrecks, mutinies, and massacres over the past three hundred years.

MALCOLM UREN, the W.A. journalist, who has written "Sailormen's Ghosts."

They see the scenes of the Zeewyck wreck and mutiny in 1728, the Ocean Queen in 1846, the Cochituate in 1861, Ben Ledi, whose broken ribs have been a mournful landmark on Pelsart Island for sixty years, and Windsor, wrecked with a cargo of sandalwood in 1908.

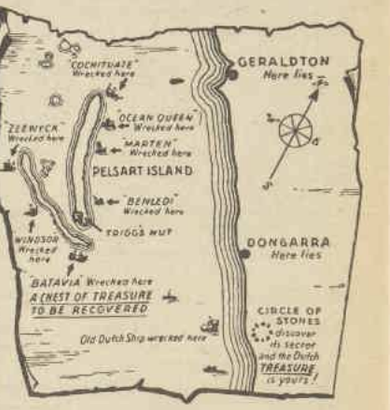
But the most exciting is the story of the Batavia. It is a story of mutiny, blood-curdling massacre, and noble courage in the best swashbuckling tradition.

A fleet of Dutch ships, loaded with treasure, money, goods, and migrants—men, women, and children—set out for the Dutch East Indies in 1628.

On the Batavia, which carried Pelsart, the commander, Jerome Cornelius and Adrian Jacobs planned to seize the ship, dispose of anyone hostile to their plan, and use the Batavia to go buccaneering.

On the night planned for the mutiny the Batavia ran aground on a reef in the Abrolohos.

Most of the crew and passengers were landed on one of the islands, but the meagre supply of food and water caused discontent and murmurings.



A MAP showing the location of shipwrecks and lost treasure along the island reefs.

Pelsart and Jacobs set out in one of the ship's boats to search for water on the mainland. Unsuccessful, they decided to go on to Batavia for help.

They left the Abrolohos in June, returned on the rescue ship Sarma in September.

During that time Cornelius had made himself leader of the castaways and, with the aid of the murderous Soevanck, had massacred about 100 people to lighten the demand on the rations.

Hero of story

WEBBYE HAYES was the hero of this shipwreck story. Knowing he would not countenance mass murder, Cornelius sent him off on another search for water.

Hayes found it on a neighboring island, but when Cornelius' men came to take over the island Hayes had already heard of the massacres from an escapee from the main island—"Batavia's graveyard."

There was an exciting battle on the small island, when Cornelius was taken prisoner by Hayes' men.

When the Sarma arrived Hayes rowed out to warn Pelsart that the Cornelius faction planned to seize his ship.

The Sarma took the survivors, with Cornelius' gang as prisoners, to Batavia, with most of the treasure and goods that had been on the wrecked ship. But at least one of the chests of treasure had to be left behind.

All small boys and girls would envy Reginald, John, Bruce, and Malcolm their explorations round the reefs of the Abrolohos.

They found old Dutch cannon, hatch covers and spars from wrecked ships, underwater fairy palaces of coral, thousands of terns and mutton birds nesting on the islands, seals sunning themselves on outcroppings of coral, beche-de-mer, turtles scurrying under cover, and regiments of oysters so numerous that they "leered in their luxuriance."

"Sailormen's Ghosts." By Malcolm Uren. (Robertson and Mullens.) Our copy from the publishers.

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The Homemaker

January 4, 1941 The Australian Women's Weekly 33

Pack your meal and take it with you

TRY THESE in your picnic basket—veal and ham loaf with mustard sauce, country club eggs in tomato cases, and little cherry pies. The recipes for making are given on this page.

THIS is the season for meals out of doors. Meals in the garden, on the beach, under shady trees belong to these long summer days and to the children's holidays.

So pack up your lunch and take it with you out into the open air.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

PERHAPS it's the fresh air—perhaps it's the change of scene.

But, whatever the reason, food out of doors does seem to taste better and appetites do seem keener.

So if you are looking for food that is specially delicious to pack into the picnic basket, try some of the recipes given here.

VEAL AND HAM LOAF WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

One pound minced veal, ½lb. ham, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, ¾ cup veal stock or water, ½ teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon minced onion.

Combine the ingredients and pack into a well-greased loaf tin. Cover with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven (temp. 325 deg. F.) for 1 hour. Serve in slices with green salad.

Mustard Sauce: 2 dessertspoons butter, 2 dessertspoons flour, 2 dessertspoons mustard, 4 chopped sweet pickles, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup boiling water, ¾ cup vinegar, ¾ cup mayonnaise.

Melt the butter, add flour, mustard, sugar and salt. Blend well and slowly add the boiling water and vinegar. Cook until smooth. Gradually add the mayonnaise and pickles.

This sauce will keep in the refrigerator and can be heated if required.

COUNTRY CLUB EGGS IN TOMATO CASES

Three hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, ½ cup finely-minced celery, 1 teaspoon chopped eschalot, 1 teaspoon chopped green peppers or gherkin, ½ teaspoon chopped parsley, mayonnaise, tomatoes, lettuce cups and cress.

Cut the eggs in halves and remove the yolks. Sieve the yolks and add the vinegar, celery, peppers, eschalots and parsley. Bind with mayonnaise. Fill the egg-whites with the mixture. Cut the tops off the tomatoes and scoop out sufficient of the centres to place in the stuffed egg. Drain upside down and season well with pepper and salt and few drops of vinegar or salad dressing. Place eggs in tomatoes. Serve in lettuce cups garnished with cress.

VEGETABLE PATTIES

Pastry: 8oz. flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. butter or beef dripping, 2oz. grated cheese, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon celery salt, squeeze of lemon, water.

Filling: ½ cup diced carrots, ½ cup diced potato, ½ cup diced celery, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ cup shredded spinach, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 cup white sauce, pepper and salt.

Cook the prepared vegetables together and add to the sauce. Season to taste and allow to cool. Sift flour, baking powder and salt, rub in butter or dripping and add cheese. Mix to light dough with the water and lemon juice. Roll thinly and line about 9 to 12 patty tins with pastry. Fill with vegetable mixture, moisten edges, and top with pastry. Glaze with milk and cook in a hot oven (temp. 450 degrees F.) for 10-15 minutes. These may be served hot or cold.

CHERRY PIES

One pound cherries, 1 cup sugar, 6oz. plain flour, 3oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon water, lemon juice, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot.

Wash the cherries, place in a saucepan with the sugar, cover with water and simmer until soft. Blend the arrowroot with a little water and add to the syrup. Stir until boiling. Cream together the butter and sugar, add the egg-yolk and water, then the sifted flour, salt, and rising. Turn on to a floured board and knead lightly. Roll thinly and line small patty cases. Place a spoonful of cherries in each. Glaze the edges and cover with pastry. Glaze and bake in a moderately hot oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) from 15 to 20 minutes.

GOOSEBERRY MUFFINS

Three ounces butter, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, 6oz. wholemeal self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup stewed gooseberries.

Cream the butter and the sugar well. Gradually whip in the beaten egg and milk. Stir in the sifted flour and cinnamon. Place a teaspoonful of the mixture in each greased patty tin and cover with a layer of stewed gooseberries. Top with another spoonful of cake mixture. Bake in the upper half of a moderate oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) from 15 to 20 minutes.

LEMON CREAM SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 eggs, 1-3 cup cream or 2 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Sift the flour and salt, add lemon rind, rub in the butter. Beat egg well (keeping a little back for glazing), and add the cream. Make a well in the centre of the dry ingredients, pour in the egg and cream and mix lightly to a soft dough. Turn onto a floured board, roll out ½-inch thick and cut into triangles. Place on a scone tray, glaze with egg, sprinkle with sugar and lemon rind. Bake in the upper half of a hot oven (temp. 425 deg. F.) from 12 to 15 minutes.

PINEAPPLE BRAN POPOVERS

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 egg, ½ cup shredded pineapple, ½ cup milk, ¾ cup bran, pinch bicarbonate of soda, 1½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt.

Cream the butter and sugar well and add the honey and gradually whip in the beaten egg. Stir in the pineapple and then the bran and soda moistened with the milk. Stir in the well-sifted flour, baking powder and salt. Two-thirds fill hot, thickly-greased gem irons with the mixture and bake in a hot oven (temp. 400 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

ORANGE LOAF CAKE

Twelve ounces plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, salt, 6oz. butter, 6oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons candied orange peel.

Beat butter and sugar together until light and creamy. Add the well-beaten eggs and orange rind and juice. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk. Place into a loaf tin 8in. x 5in., previously greased, sprinkle top with peel, and bake in the centre of a moderately hot oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) from 50 to 60 minutes.

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Chrysalis to Butterfly

● At this time of the year lots of girls have left school for good and are merging into adult life. Careers, social functions, meeting new people plus the job of growing into beautiful womanhood are their new problems.

It is now that a mother's guidance as to posture, skin and figure care, grooming and mannerisms will lay the foundations to lasting attractiveness.

By JANETTE

GROWING into beautiful womanhood, Deanna Durbin, Universal star. Here she is wearing a lovely but youthful gown of white satin, while her hair is dressed with sufficient formality to make her look grown up.

THE average girl is healthy and her figure is good. She takes an interest in herself and gets on well with other people.

Her mother's job is to see that she doesn't go to extremes and overdo make-up, dressing, mannerisms . . .

But there are also girls who don't care much what they look like. Some with bad skins. Others too plump or too lanky. Or else they are shy and awkward, and feel out of place at parties, and lack confidence generally.

How to tackle these problems? First, remember that a mother can't begin too early to condition her daughter to the art of living gracefully, happily, and to develop into attractive womanhood.

In those rare cases where a girl is a psychological problem—due possibly to some neglect or suppression in childhood—a psychologist will often help to straighten out kinks in the young mind.

But for the girl who needs merely grooming, hairdressers, physical culture experts and the beauty salon can all do a lot in rubbing off the corners so the chrysalis may become the butterfly.

Posture is most important for the girl in the last stages of growing up. If your daughter slumps in her chair, walks with a slouch, sticks out her tummy or walks head first, send her to a physical culture expert, who will teach her how to walk and how to stand.

Correct posture not only means better health, but often clears up minor ailments, digestive troubles and the like, and helps to ward off the development of these troubles in later life.

If your girl is on the plump side explain to her that "baby fat" so common in adolescence will disappear as she gets older, and that by the time she is out of her teens her figure should be normal.

Don't allow her to diet, but do see that she eats nourishing foods, plus plenty of vegetables and fruits.

If she is uncomfortably fat, then it might be advisable to see a doctor.

As to hair, it's to be hoped that Miss Teens has already learned the value of nightly brushing and regular shampooing to keep her hair shining with health and loveliness.

But at this stage a permanent wave and a new hair style designed for her by a hairdresser will do wonders for her—help to give her confidence, a sense of beauty, and a new personality.

If her skin is a problem and blemishes are bad, then a course at a beauty salon should help, plus home treatment which includes morning and nightly washing with warm water and olive oil soap. If her skin is dry, a nightly application of cold cream will make it smooth and supple.

Get the beauty salon to advise on a light suitable make-up if you don't feel equal to the task yourself. As your daughter will want to use powder and lipstick, anyway, it's best to have her taught how to apply make-up, how to remove it, and how to care for her skin generally, rather than allow her to use cosmetics haphazardly, and perhaps spoil the texture of her skin by using the wrong type of preparations.

At this stage of life your daughter won't need preparations such as face masks (unless special treatment is advisable for skin blemishes, acne and the like), tissue creams, astringents or muscle oils.

However, her make-up drawer should include a cleansing or cold cream, the former for removing make-up and the latter for light lubricating if the skin is dry.

Or cold cream can be used for both purposes with a normal skin. With a very oily skin the cleansing cream should be of the liquefying type as this contains an oil which is not absorbed by the pores.

Powder, rouge and lipstick are the only other preparations essential for the young girl, and these should be used sparingly.

BY WAY OF CONTRAST, here is Deanna wearing a black velvet gown made on simple lines, while to offset the sophistication of the dark color, her hair is dressed in a flattering girlish style.

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Readers' Favorite Recipes

● Prizewinners in our fascinating weekly best recipe competition. You, too, can enter this contest. Simply send us your pet recipe and maybe you'll win a cash prize for it.

EVERY week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

The contest is simplicity itself to enter. All you have to do is write out your recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

Here are this week's prizewinners:

CHERRY CHARLOTTE RUSSE

Three teaspoons gelatine, 1 cup milk, ½ cup hot water, 6 sponge fingers or strips of sponge cake, prunes, cherries, almonds, vanilla or almond essense to flavor, carmine to color, ½ pint lemon jelly, 1 gill cream, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Cover bottom of a fancy fluted mould with jelly. Arrange a suitable decoration of almonds, rings of cherry, and strips of prunes. Cover with a little more jelly. When set, place a small quantity of liquid jelly in the mould and keep turning it (over ice) until sides are covered with a thin film of firm jelly. Set a cherry at top of each flute, dipping it first into jelly. Dip each sponge finger quickly into jelly and press in alternate flutes of mould.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Mix milk and partly-whipped cream together, add gelatine. Flavor slightly with essence, sweeten to taste. If liked finely-chopped almonds may be added to cream.

Pour half into mould. Color jelly a bright red with carmine. Pour on cream layer when it is firm. When set, pour on remainder of the cream mixture, which should be cold. Turn out, serve decorated with prunes stuffed with almonds and rosettes of whipped cream or chopped jelly.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Lane, Montrose, Greenhills St., Croydon, N.S.W.

SHERBET

One pound castor sugar, 4oz. carbonate soda, 4oz. and 1 teaspoonful tartaric acid, 1 teaspoonful essence of lemon.

Mix essence of lemon with sugar thoroughly, allow to dry, then put all ingredients through a sieve. Keep in airtight jars.

Use with iced water or fruit drinks.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Ryder, Tweed St., Southport, Qld.

FAIRY SUNSHADES

Take as many ice-cream cones as required, damp outsides with milk, then roll in hundreds and thousands. Cut holes in the lid or bottom of a cardboard box and stand cones in to dry. Make up three packets of jelly crystals—red, orange, and yellow. When ready to set, fill cones to top with jelly and freeze. When set, finish edges with eight silver cachous and insert tiny handles in centre of jelly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss P. C. Featherston, 224 The Terrace, Port Pirie West, S.A.

PORT WINE CHERRIES WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

One and a half pounds ripe cherries, ½ cup sugar, 1½ cups water, 2 tablespoons port wine, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Chocolate Sauce: 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 heaped dessertspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup water, 3 drops vanilla essence, 1 egg-yolk.

Make a syrup from sugar and water, add cherries, port wine, and lemon juice. Cook till cherries are tender. Serve with chocolate sauce.

Melt butter in a small saucepan, stir in cornflour and cocoa. When blended, add sugar and vanilla. Stir in water. Bring slowly to the boil, then add beaten egg-yolk, cook a few minutes longer before serving with cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Bell, 74 Trenerry Cres., Abbotsford N9, Vic.

DOUGHNUTS

Five cups flour, ½ cup butter or good dripping, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 5 teaspoons baking powder.

Rub butter into about 3 cups flour, then add sugar. Beat eggs and milk together (about ½ cup milk). Make a hole in flour and add beaten eggs and milk gradually. Then add baking powder and enough of remaining flour to make a stiff dough. Roll out and cut with a round cutter; make a hole in the centre of each. Fry in boiling lard until brown. Sprinkle with sugar. Use plenty of lard, as they must swim in the fat. Delicious when hot, and very good when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. F. Ernst, Head St., Laidley, Qld.

SAVORY LUNCHEON ROLLS

Four cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups milk.

Sift flour and salt together, rub in shortening; add milk and mix to a stiff dough.

Turn on to a floured board and knead quickly. Divide into small pieces.

Form each by hand into short, tapering rolls. Bake in a very hot oven about 10 to 15 minutes. When almost baked, brush with melted butter or beaten egg.

These rolls are delicious split and filled with hard-boiled egg mashed with a little anchovy sauce, chopped ham, or any other savory filling.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Simpson, Rathgar, Quarry St., Hamilton, Brisbane.

APPLE CARAMEL TART

For Shortcrust: ½lb. flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon sugar (if liked), 4oz. margarine, water.

Make pastry in usual way.

Filling: 1 tin condensed milk, 4 cooking apples or bananas sprinkled with lemon and sugar, 1 jelly (any flavor), whipped cream, sweetened.

Boil condensed milk in tin for 3 hours. Stew apples till soft. Make jelly. Roll out pastry and line tart plate. Prick well and bake til golden brown.

When milk is ready pour into tart. Add stewed apples, and then half-set jelly. Cover with sweetened cream. If desired chopped nuts and cherries may be added. Set aside in a cool place.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Kerr, 12 Chapman St., Cessnock, N.S.W.

CHERRY WHIP

One ounce powdered gelatine, 1lb. cherries, ½lb. sugar, 1 pint water, whites of 2 eggs, and some whipped cream.

Stew cherries until tender in three-quarters of a pint of the water. Soak gelatine in a quarter pint of water; just before cherries are cooked add sugar to gelatine and stir until dissolved. Pass cherries through sieve, keeping a few whole for decorating. Add fruit pulp to gelatine while still hot, then add stiffly whipped egg-whites. Whip whites well through mixture of cherries, etc. Place in wetted moulds, and when set turn out and decorate with whipped cream and cherries.

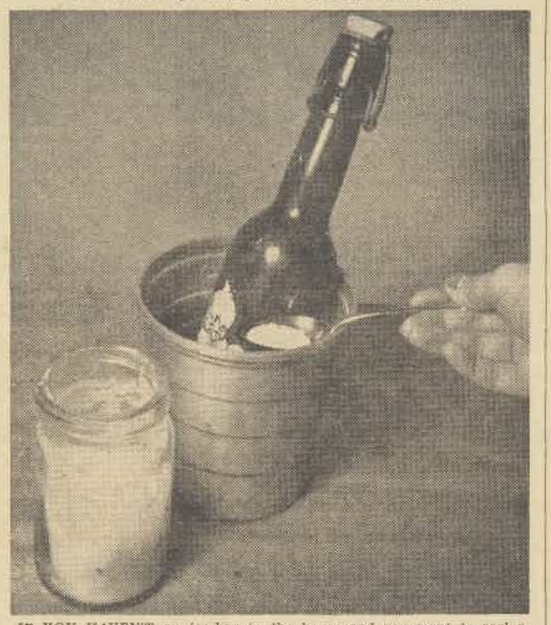
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss C. Coney, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

JELLIED GINGER ALE AND GRAPES

Soak 2½ tablespoons powdered gelatine in ½ cup warm water for 5 minutes. Prepare a cup of grape juice and make hot, then dissolve gelatine in this juice. Add 2 tablespoons sugar and a small bottle of ginger ale and pour into a wet mould. When beginning to set, add 1 cup of seeded white grapes and stir. Leave to set firm. Before serving, dip mould in and out of boiling water, turn jelly out on a dish, surround with slices of orange and pineapple, and dot over with glace cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. H. McIntosh, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says that fruit stains on linen can often be removed by rubbing with salt and lemon juice.



IF YOU HAVEN'T an ice-box in the house and you want to cool a bottle of soft drink or other liquid refreshment in a hurry, stand the bottle in a jug of water and add a spoonful of table salt.

Miss Precious Minutes

SCORCH marks on clothes, if they are not severe, will yield to treatment by applying a paste made of carbonate of soda and water. Spread liberally, allow to stay on for a few hours before washing off.

* * *

IT is a common grievance with housewives that housework makes the finger-nails brittle. This can be cured by rubbing a little almond oil into the cuticle after heavy work and on wash day.

* * *

CORK can be softened so that it will fit into a bottle-neck by soaking in boiling water for a few minutes. It will become pliable, fit tightly and more effectively preserve contents of bottle.

IF you give your curtain-rods a thorough rubbing with wax it will keep them from tarnishing. The curtains, too, whether on rings or threaded through them, will run more easily.

* * *

CANE-SEATED chairs which have sagged may be restored by washing with hot water and suds to which two tablespoonfuls of soda have been added. Take care not to wet the surrounding wood framework. Apply the solution both underneath and on top, wipe, and place in the open to dry.

* * *

A PIECE of wax candle dissolved in hot starch facilitates ironing, gives a glossy surface, and helps to prevent the iron from sticking.

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The Doctor Tells You What to do

ABOUT AVOIDING AND TREATING SUNBURN

PATIENT: Doctor, last summer I was severely sunburnt, and as a result my whole holiday was spoilt. What can I do to prevent my skin from blistering this year?

DOCTOR: It is very foolish to allow one's skin to become so badly burnt that it blisters, for a burn from the sun can be just as serious as any other sort of burn.

People who lie around in the sun with large areas of pale skin exposed for any length of time are simply asking for trouble.

A coat of tan cannot be acquired in one day, but a crop of painful blisters can.

Some unfortunates will never acquire sufficient protective tan to allow them to bask in the sun for hours, however warily they may go about it.

Others, and they are the better suited to this climate, will develop a dark layer of protective pigment in only a few days.

Redheads and blondes as a rule have most need to beware, while dark-haired, dark-skinned individuals can usually brave the sun's rays with less apprehension.

Even those who tan readily, however, should tan slowly. The best coat of tan is that which is acquired gradually by exposing the skin for short periods at first, then for longer periods as the days pass and the body becomes accustomed to the sun.

A liberal coating of oil, coconut oil or special suntan oil, applied to the skin before going out may help the less fortunate "thin-skinned" sun worshippers, as it serves as a filter to the burning rays.

Likewise a solution of tannic acid in alcohol or a tannic acid jelly is often very helpful. Your chemist will readily make a tannic acid lotion for you.

Tannic acid also provides the best method of treatment for sunburn. Tannic acid jelly, liberally applied over the whole of the affected area of skin, lends both a curative effect and a mechanical protection.

If the jelly is not available, a solution of tannic acid, or even very strong, well-drawn tea, may be used.

The solution should always be freshly made, and is prepared by dissolving two tablespoons of tannic acid in a glass of water.

Actually there is no scientific justification for the excessive sunbathing in which many of us indulge. Also the idea that a coat of tan promotes or is a sign of health is a delusion.

The chief benefit of a coat of tan is that it permits one to go about in the sun without further burning.

Sunlight is essential for health, certainly, but during our summer the sun's rays are so powerful that it is not necessary to be exposed to them directly in order to benefit from them.

An overdose of sunlight can be quite as dangerous as none at all.

WILLY POGANY, celebrated artist, is the first to paint the Dionne Quintuplets from life (other artists having painted from photographs). Pogany spent several hours each day over a period of three weeks at the Dafoe Nursery studying the "Quins" before starting work. He found that they have quite distinctive personalities. Here (left to right) Cecile, Emilie, Annette, and Marie "judge" Pogany's "rough" of Yvonne, seen at right.

SWIMMING . . . and health of ears and throat

PATIENT: Doctor, I have been warned against getting water into my ears while swimming, as about a year ago I had a mastoid operation. Up till now I have always worn rubber plugs as a protection. Must I continue to use them?

DOCTOR: People who have perforated ear-drums as a result of a mastoid operation must take adequate precautions to keep water out of their ears, otherwise they run the risk of reinfection.

A normal ear-drum does not allow water to enter the middle ear, but once the drum is ruptured, either accidentally or purposely, infection can enter by means of the outer ear canal.

The ear-drum may be ruptured by carelessly poking toothpicks, hairpins, or such things into the ears to clean them. For this reason nothing smaller than the tip of the little finger should ever be placed in the ear.

A blow on the head, even a light one, may rupture the drum, and perforations are nearly always present when there is a chronic, discharging ear.

There is a tendency to neglect chronic ear infections because their symptoms are usually mild. But no discharge from the ear should be allowed to go untreated, as it may lead to serious infection of the middle ear and of the mastoid.

The mastoid bone is a honeycomb of little cells situated behind the ear. Actually these cells are closely allied to the middle ear, and so infections from the throat and nose can enter the mastoid and middle ear by means of the Eustachian tube.

The mastoid cells are important because of their proximity to vital structures from which they are separated only by thin bone — the inner ear, the facial nerve, the large blood vessel from the head, and even the brain itself.

It is for this reason that mastoid infections should not be neglected. If the infection reaches these vital structures serious complications arise.

Even when the mastoid cells become infected to such a degree that an operation is necessary there is, however, no cause for alarm.

Some cases of inflamed mastoids can be treated without operation, if they are diagnosed early, by opening the ear-drum and thus relieving the pressure from the inner ear.

Such incisions usually heal rapidly. It is the ragged openings in the ear-rum caused by constant infection which are permanent.

Also while deafness seldom results from an acute infection of the ear which is promptly treated, impairment of hearing to a greater or lesser degree frequently occurs after a chronic infection, even though the destruction of the tissues is slow.

Prompt treatment

SINCE there is such close connection between the mastoid and inner ear and the nose and throat, the prevention of ear infections depends primarily upon the prevention of nose and throat infections.

Infected sinuses and tonsils, and all obstructions such as adenoids, nasal polyps, or twisted septa need treatment, as they lead to an unhealthy condition of the nose and throat.

Many cases of middle-ear infection occur because the inflammation passes directly from the inflamed mucous membranes of the throat and nose to those of the ear.

The common cold is very often the forerunner of ear infection, and deserves more attention than it usually receives.

Certain diseases, such as influenza, scarlet fever, and measles, are particularly likely to lead to ear troubles and so need expert attention.

In children especially infections travel rapidly from the nose and throat to the ear because in infancy the Eustachian tube is straight and wide.

Infection can be forced through the Eustachian tube into the middle-ear if the nose is blown violently, especially during the course of a cold in the head. The nostrils should never be tightly compressed when the nose is blown, otherwise trouble may occur. It is best to blow one nostril at a time.

Diving, too, especially diving feet foremost, will often cause a violent inrush of water into the head passages and cause irritation and sometimes perforation of the ear-drum.

This should be remembered now that the swimming season is at its height, as the chief step in preventing ear infections is to prevent unhealthy conditions of the nose and throat.

A good tip is to breathe out through the nose when entering the water in a dive, or when the head is submerged in surfing.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

The dangers of overfeeding

OVERFEEDING at all times and at all ages causes digestive upsets which can lead sooner or later to serious troubles.

A leaflet dealing with this subject and outlining the treatment if a threatened attack of this trouble occurs has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request together with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

Frances Thompson's new Cookery Book!

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487 RECIPES

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Miss E. Frances Thompson, Director of the Canadian School of Home Science, says:

"I've put fifteen years of practical experience into my book. Every one of these 487 recipes has proved a great success in my demonstrations."

2'6

POST FREE

Send 2/6 in Postal Notes, together with your name and address, to The Australian Women's Weekly, at the nearest of the following addresses—168 Castlereagh St., Sydney . . . 281 Ann St., Brisbane . . . 12 Grenfell St., Adelaide . . . Newspaper House, Collins St., Melbourne . . . and a copy of Frances Thompson's new cookery book will be mailed promptly to you—Post Free.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 MILES of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If kidneys don't pass 3 pints a day and get rid of 3 pounds of waste matter, the 14 miles of kidney tubes and filters become clogged with poisonous waste and the danger of acid poisoning is greatly increased.

This acid condition is a danger signal and may be the beginning of nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages, with smarting and burning, show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Most people watch their bowels, which contain only 27 feet of intestines, but neglect the kidneys, which contain 15 miles of tubes and filters.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. . . used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 MILES of kidney tubes. GET DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist or store.

Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaculoid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vaculoid with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

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LUNCHEON or SUPPER SET

● Cloths in various sizes, serviettes, tea-cosy, traymobile cloth, and d'oyleys all traced for working on white or colored linen.

THIS beautiful luncheon or supper set in a smart new design may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced for working on white, cream, pale blue, pink, yellow, or green linen. Sizes and prices of the various pieces are:

Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6; cloth, 45 by 45 inches, 10/6; cloth, 54 by 54 inches, 13/6; cloth, 54 by 72 inches, 18/6; cloth, 72 by 72 inches, 25/-; cloth, 72 by 90 inches, 37/6; serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/3; serviette, 15 by 15 inches, 1/6; tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 3/9; traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, 4/9; d'oyley, 8 by 8 inches, 1/-; d'oyley, 5 by 11 inches, 1/-. All plus postage.

Stranded cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 2½d. a skein.

The design traced on these linens is very easy to work. Satin-stitch, buttonhole, and stem-stitch, with french knots for the spots, should be used. Edges are spoke-stitched for crochet finish, but, if desired, edges ready for buttonholing may be obtained.

State which edge is required when ordering.

The original set was worked in shades of blue for the centres, Nos. 507 (light blue), F508 (medium blue), and F509 (deep blue), with green, F497 and F498, for the leaves, and brown, F578, for the lines.

Edges should be worked in a color to match the color of the linen.

THESE enchanting linens, in white or colors, may be obtained ready for working. Cloths, serviettes, d'oyleys, and other pieces available.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

FOR YOUR LITTLE BOY—a smocked suit in kabe silk or linora. Obtainable ready for sewing up and working from our Needlework Department.

Smocked Suit For Boy

THE neat little suit shown above is ideal for summer wear for the small boy, and will launder well.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department in kabe silk or linora, and is traced ready for sewing up and working.

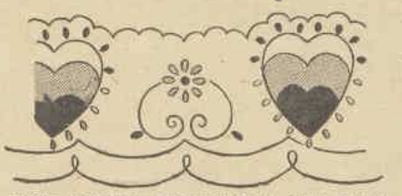
Sizes and prices are:—

One to 2 years, kabe silk, 3/11; linora, 3/3.

Two to 4 years, kabe silk, 4/9; linora, 3/9.

The little shirt or blouse of this suit features a smocked yoke and is finished with a neat Peter Pan collar and turned-up cuffs. The pants are tailored and finished at waistline with a belt.

Paper pattern for this design is also available for 1/-. Transfer is 1/3 extra.



DON'T YOU LOVE the smart bolero shown above! It is obtainable in sheer linen in white or colors and is traced ready for sewing up and working. A close-up of the embroidery design is also shown.

SMART BOLERO

● An attractive little garment that will lend a gay touch to your new frocks or rejuvenate the appearance of an old one.

YOU can obtain the bolero pictured at right from our Needlework Department traced for sewing up and working in sheer linen in shades of green, pink, salmon, blue, lemon, and white.

The bolero is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. Price is 6/11.

The unusual design of a heart and a floral fill-in should be done in satin-stitch for the heart centre and stem-stitch for all lines. The tiny flower may be worked in lazy-daisy or filled in with satin-stitch. Border lines should be stem-stitched.

We suggest working the heart in three shades—black for the base, centre in medium blue, and top section in pale blue. This shading could be repeated in the lines and surrounding floral motifs.

Paper pattern for this bolero design is also available for 1/-. Transfer 1/6 extra. Cottons for working, 2½d. a skein.

IN PRINCESS STYLE, this little frock would look adorable on your small girl. Obtainable traced for sewing up and working in linora in cream or colors.

Linora Frock For Summer

THE dainty little frock above is made in Princess style, and is traced for sewing up and working on linora in shades of cream, blue, pink, green, and lemon.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Sizes and prices are:

Two to 4 years, 3/6.

Four to 6 years, 3/11.

Six to 8 years, 4/9. All plus 3d. postage.

The embroidery of this frock is unusual, as it gives the effect of a floral button. Fasteners may be sewn on under the embroidery.

Paper pattern of this design also obtainable for 1/-.

SO SMART for your lounge room—a cushion in colored linen or natural crash traced with the attractive garden-gate design ready for working. Size is 18 by 18 inches, and price is 4/6 for linen and 4/- for crash.

New cushion cover

...in garden-gate design

● Here is an unusually attractive cushion cover, which you can obtain from our Needlework Department.

IT is traced for working on linen in cream, yellow, green, blue or white, or on crash in natural tone.

Size is 18 by 18 inches, and price is 4/6 for linen and 4/- for crash.

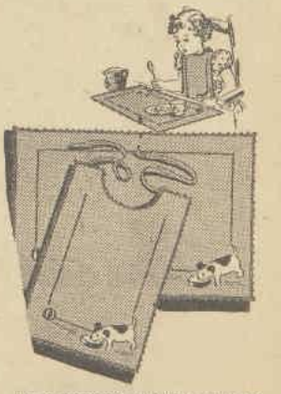
Cottons for working also obtainable for 2½d. a skein.

The stitches to be used for the embroidery are buttonhole, satin-stitch, and stem-stitch.

Work the design in gay colors to tone with the color scheme of your room.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



THIS FEEDER and plate mat set traced for working on linora is obtainable from our Needlework Department.

CHILD'S FEEDER AND PLATE MAT

MAKE this useful little set for your youngest.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on linora in shades of cream, pink, blue, green, and lemon.

Price is 2/9, plus 1d. for postage.

The embroidery consists of a [illegible] design in one [illegible] and a line of cross-stitch on [illegible]. Edges are spoke-finished for crochet.

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Do you keep a

GARDEN LOG?

● Almost every gardener worthy of the name keeps a log or diary to record the progress or otherwise of his or her garden.

—Says **OUR HOME GARDENER.**

IT may be nothing more than a few scribbled notes but it denotes an orderly mind, or at least an attempt to keep in touch with what has been done in the past.

To those who have never emulated the captains of ships by keeping a log, let me suggest that you get a cheap notebook, either fixed or loose-leaf, and start this year right in your garden.

A waterproof cover is an advantage, for you may need to pick it up to make a note when your hands are wet, or refer to it during a showery day.

Oilcloth in a gay color makes an excellent cover, and has the advantage of being easily seen when you are picking up the tools and implements at the end of the day.

Start off each page with the day and date, and try to describe the weather by setting it out in the following way: "Wednesday, January 1, 1941. Bright and sunny; hot and steamy, few clouds about. Rather breathless." And so on.

Then go on to describe what you did during the day.

"Picked 2lb. of Canadian Wonder beans. Many of them showed signs of bacterial blight. Must change my seedsman next season. Dusted early-sown cabbage plants against grub. Have run out of arsenate of lead and derris-root powder. Must get more at once. Fed the wild birds in the garden and gave them fresh water. The first few Emperor asters out in bloom to-day."

Those few lines will give you an idea of the sort of things real dyed-in-the-wool gardeners enter in their log-books.

After a while you will find that book instructive and helpful, for you can describe your troubles and difficulties, and then swap notes with others who may know more about the subject.

The daily notes will prove memory ticklers, also. Instead of forgetting to buy seed potatoes and fertiliser, you will make a note of it in the log-book.

The same will apply to that order for stakes for the dahlias. Down it will go, and when friend husband wants to get busy out in the garden he will find the bundle of stakes on hand.

And I have a slot made from a narrow box nailed up in my toolshed which contains my log-book, and by remembering to return it there after each day in the garden I find it whenever I want it. That's worth making a note of, too.

From time to time I paste useful clippings into the book, also the names and addresses of gardening friends, seedsmen, manure merchants, plant specialists and timber and cement merchants.

I have prepared a plan of my flower and vegetable gardens, too, and this has been pasted into the log-book to guide me in my digging.

No alibis can be sustained if I dig up pet bulbs or if anyone else overplants a row of seeds that have not yet come through. Those plans are there for all to read.

I also record the dates when beetroots, parsnips, carrots, onions, cabbages, cauliflowers, sweet corn and other vegetables are sown, and record as near as possible (for I do not always harvest the vegetables myself) when the first pickings or pullings are obtained.

The names of the varieties of vegetables are also recorded, together with the weights obtained from rows of a given length.

This sort of record comes in handy when buying the following year, and prevents the gardener making the mistake of buying too much seed, or repeating varietal errors, for many varieties are unsuitable to some districts.

The names and addresses of seedsmen from whom I obtain supplies are also entered in the log-book, and the quantity of seed purchased, together with the date, is also recorded.

Even the quantities of manure, fertiliser, and approximate weight of compost, wood ashes, and leaf mould dug into the garden should be recorded if the gardener wants to know just what rows do best in the kitchen garden.

This year, for instance, the best row of potatoes in my garden came from an area that received a heavy dressing of ashes from the garden incinerator.

That soil was lighter in texture than the rest, which contained a lot of clay, and the yield per hill was nearly treble that of the soil that did not receive any garden ash. That went down in black and white in my log.

My log-book also includes the cost and quantity of insecticides and fungicides used in fruit, flower, and vegetable sections of my garden, and the results are briefly recorded from time to time.

The bush-house receives a lot of attention, and I am now recording as near as possible the flowering period, from the time the buds first show, of many native and introduced orchids.

Many orchid blossoms last for months. Others flower brightly for a few days or a few hours. These are of interest to growers in different parts of the world, and I hope to record them, together with other interesting habits, in my log-book in the future.

I am also recording the longevity of certain plants and flowers, such as carnations, roses, dahlias, and hope to show which are the most desirable varieties, from the florists' viewpoint, for those interested in the cut-flower trade to grow.

Gardeners who adopt the suggestion of keeping a log-book or diary will, I feel certain, find it of the greatest value in a very few years.

MAKE it a New Year resolution to keep a gardening log this year. You'll find it amazingly helpful. It will also make you a better and more enthusiastic gardener, for you'll learn to eliminate past mistakes.

Sow sweet pea seeds now

IF you want a brilliant display of sweet peas during the winter months the seed must be sown early.

To grow sweet peas successfully a thorough preparation of the soil is necessary and trenching essential.

Select a position facing north or north-east and have the rows running north to south, thus allowing the sun to penetrate on all sides.

Have the position well drained. Use large-mesh wire-netting for support, but stakes may also be used.

When the soil is ready, sow the seed. Soak the seed overnight and then open out a trench about three inches deep and sow three to four inches deep and three to four inches apart. Cover and water well.

In a few days the young plants should be up, and when about three inches high, nip out the centre to encourage lateral growth.

You can't better them

Proud is the woman whose linen cupboard is filled with Horrockses, and justly so, for there are no better sheets, pillowcases and towels on the market today.

The splendid quality and durability which made them famous nearly a century and a half ago is still rigidly maintained.

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AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

ST. JAMES BUILDING, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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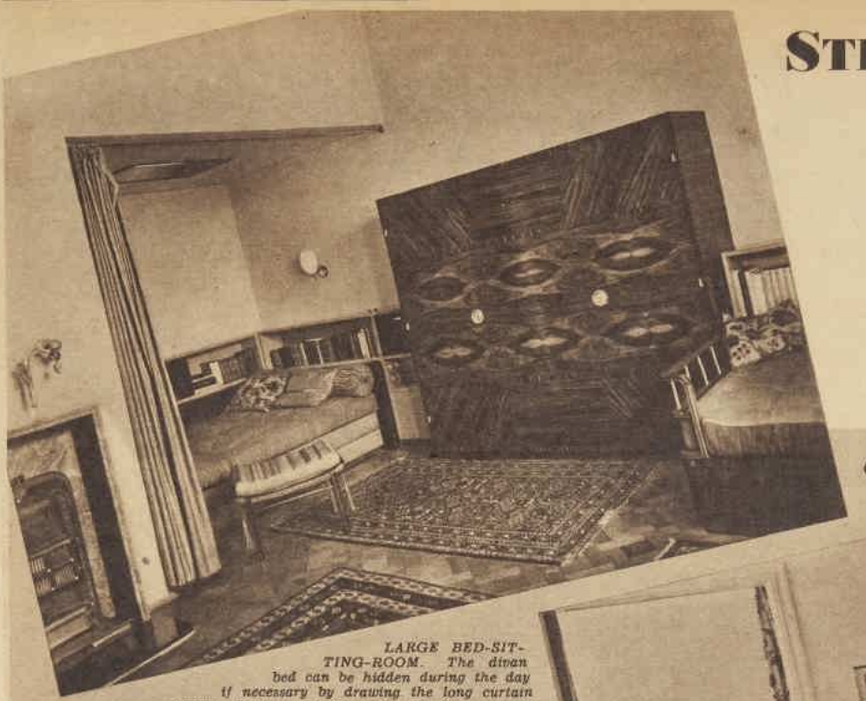
STREAMLINED INTERIORS . . .

● For those who prefer life in a flat, especially in closer city areas, to that in a house in the suburbs, living must be "streamlined". A minimum of furniture, built-in fitments, convenience and work-saving equipment combined with every modern comfort are demanded.

Here are some modern flat interiors.

By Our Home Decorator



LARGE BED-SITTING-ROOM. The divan bed can be hidden during the day if necessary by drawing the long curtain across. Features of this room are the enormous wardrobe, the bookshelves which run round the wall just above the bed and above the settee, and the recessed lighting in the ceiling in the bed alcove.

ABOVE Corner of a dining-room in a three-roomed flat. Long, narrow cabinets with glass doors run the width of the fireplace, which has a coke stove hidden behind a wire screen door and built-in shelves on one side and a cupboard on the other. Long chintz curtains are used to close off the living-room when required.

How they did over their home

A young couple dare to be unusual. They rejuvenated the interior of their home with paint, wallpaper, and new hangings, and carried out their own original ideas in color-schemes. The result is rooms that are different, colorful, and full of personality and charm.

YELLOW and grey for the living-room, brown and peach for a bedroom, cream and rose for a second bedroom, red and cream for the kitchen, navy-blue for the bathroom . . .

When the young couple in this decorating story decided on these color-schemes their friends and relatives raised their eyebrows in horror and were generally most discouraging.

It all started early this summer when, after three years living with a drab, stereotyped interior, the occupants decided to do something drastic about it and start off 1941 in a completely rejuvenated home.

The house is a small, very ordinary type, low, with a white exterior. But it is surrounded by a lovely garden and has a distant view of the sea with yellow sands between.

The best feature of the house is its many wide windows, which admit lots of air and sunlight and look out on to the garden and sea.

Curtains removed

SO the first thing done was the removal of the dark, heavy window draperies, close glass curtains and blinds which obscured the outside loveliness.

Then painters and paperhangers came along, and after a turbulent fortnight, in which the house looked more like a painter's nightmare than a home, everything suddenly straightened out. Now the house is a picture of beauty and serenity.

As you enter this home you go into a very tiny front hall, through the living and dining rooms to the kitchen. To give a more spacious appearance and more light and warmth to the hall and these two rooms which have a southern aspect, all walls were papered in a pale clear yellow which becomes warm cream at night.

The woodwork is now a deep putty and the window draperies are a very pale putty which matches the faint floral motif in the paper.

No blinds

THE drapes incidentally hang straight to the floor without pelmets and there are neither glass curtains nor blinds to hide the outside view.

At night the drapes can be drawn across for cosiness. A grey rug is used on the floor in the hall and in the living and dining rooms are several scatter rugs in rich warm Persian designs.

The main bedroom, which is on the north and is full of light, has walls papered in a soft brown-and-white design, and off-white rugs on the dark brown stained floor. Window drapes are a dull pale peach tone, and so is the bedspread.

The second bedroom, having less light than the first, has been brightened with a cream color-scheme and accents of rose-red. The furniture is now cream, the white sheer curtains show a little rose-red design, while the bedspread is in soft rose.

A bathroom mat in navy-blue with a white star in the centre decided the color-scheme for the previously all-white bathroom.

Now the lower half of the walls is dark blue, and the shower curtain and window drapes of oiled silk are the same color. The bath and the upper half of the walls were left white.

The kitchen is now one of the gayest of rooms. The upper half of the walls and the woodwork are ivory, while the lower half of the walls is Chinese-red.

The same Chinese-red has been used for the interior of the dresser, while white oil baize with vandyked edges covers the shelves which hold the china.

BACHELOR bed-sitting-room showing big, built-in wardrobe and part of the wall in light, natural wood. The bed is a divan type to be used as a couch in the daytime. Notice the recess in the wardrobe wall for books, the light over the bed for reading, and the bedside table which is also a writing-desk.

The final touch of ingenuity was with the kitchen linoleum, which had been a cream-and-green block pattern to match the old green color-scheme of the room.

The green squares in the linoleum clashed horribly with the new red walls, but it was too good to be discarded, so the linoleum was painted black—not all over—only the green squares. This now makes the floor green and black.

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THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY

Arnott's have succeeded in keeping that famous Scotch flavour in their Butter Oat Cakes. Perhaps it is the old Scotch recipe for their making or it may be the fine quality of the ingredients they use —whatever the cause, the effect is always pleasing to the palate.

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